

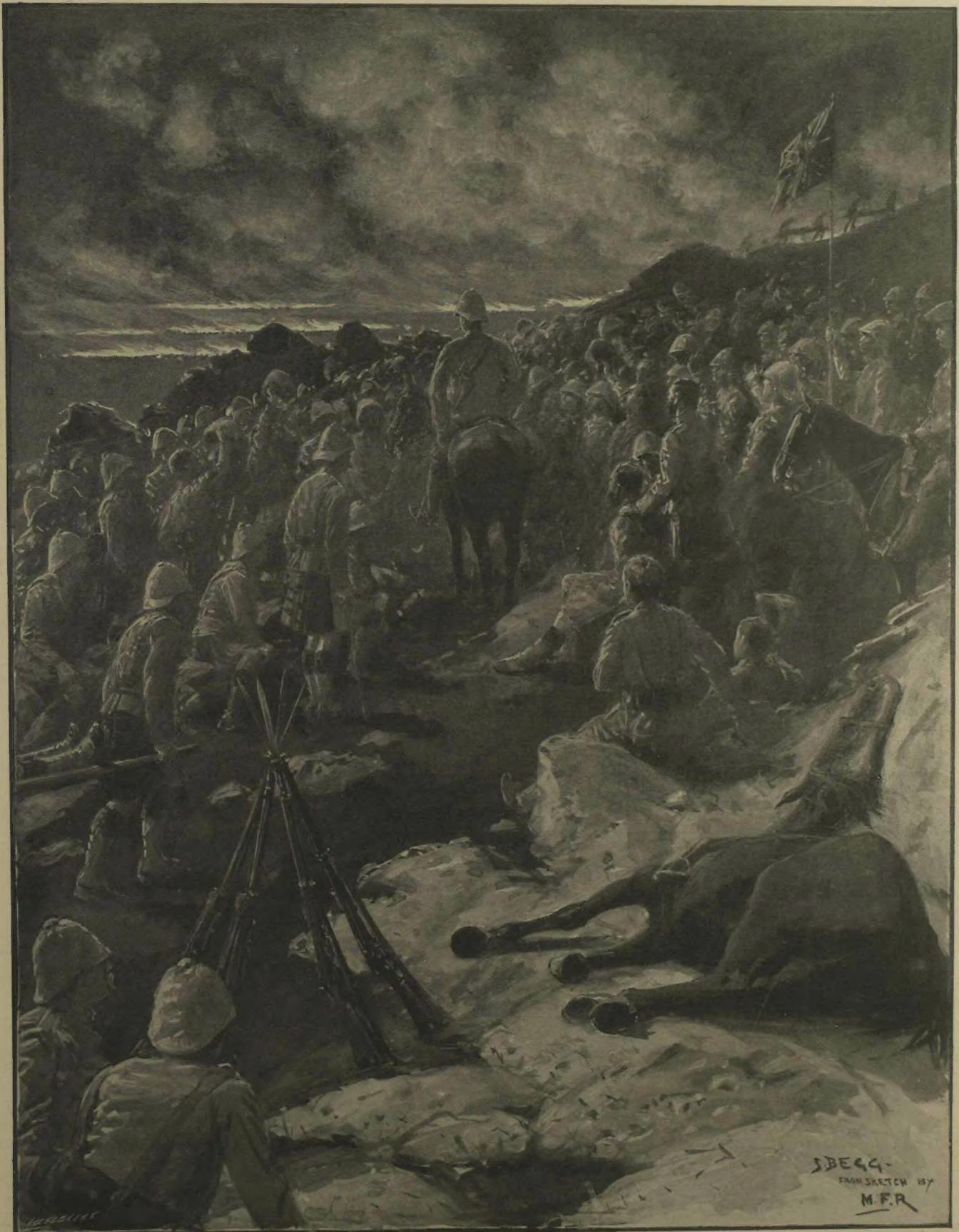
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH
TWO SUPPLEMENTS | SIXPENCE.



GENERAL IAN HAMILTON THANKING THE GORDONS AFTER THEIR MAGNIFICENT ATTACK ON THE BOER POSITION NEAR DOORNKOP, WHICH RESULTED IN THE OCCUPATION OF THE WESTERN SUBURBS OF JOHANNESBURG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY I. F. AUSTIN.

The House of Commons sometimes unbends from the business of the State to the small beer of popular taste. On such occasions, some legislator is found proposing that Parliament shall regulate the amusements of the people and even the pictorial advertisements on the hoardings, so that the public education of eye and ear shall be a continual pastime of moral improvement. A similar ideal possessed the governing minds of the country some two hundred and fifty years ago; but it was not very successfully applied. It had so little moderation that it was followed by a profligate reaction, which lasted with varying degrees of laxity for more than a century and a half. This experience has made our administrators rather timid. They no longer think of confining the careless vivacity of life in an unbending ethical code; and they are content to waive the question of moral improvement for the public taste if they can secure decorum. This does not satisfy reformers who believe that the average man can be lifted to some plane of spiritual refinement, where he will never hear a song without considering its moral tendency, or consume cakes and ale unless the cakes are seasoned with wise counsel, and the ale has been acquitted of any impulse to rise to the head.

So it happened that the House of Commons lately regaled itself with a debate on the moral tone of the theatre, a debate that prompted Mr. Augustine Birrell to declare that the House knew nothing about the subject, and could only invite ridicule by expressing an opinion. Mr. Birrell is one of those rare politicians who combine a zeal for public affairs with a taste for letters and a philosophical appreciation of human nature. He said the theatre was not much of a recreation to him, for when he went there he found himself wondering sadly at the jokes that made his neighbours laugh. You cannot fix a standard of humour, and ban everybody who does not adopt it. Nor will you get two equally well-meaning persons to agree about the moral tone of a play, if one of them has any sense of humour and the other has none. In this very debate a certain comic opera was held up to odium by one member who judged it by hearsay, whereas another, whose earnestness is beyond question, confessed that he had seen the piece three times with the greatest relish. I saw it once, and thought it a mixture of pretty music and tedious vulgarity. How are you to judge its moral tone from these three opinions?

Last week there was a Parliamentary discussion of another question that is beyond the range of legislative wisdom. The member who condemned the comic opera complained of the pictures on the hoardings that they did not teach "noble views of life." He was shocked to think that the eyes of the young, so curious about a world in which everything was new, should receive such vivid lessons in coarseness and degradation. Now the hoarding is not a school of fine art; but when I see small boys gazing at it I do not feel that it will drag them down to perdition. There is a row of young gentlemen in tall hats kneeling to a row of young ladies with brightly tinted hair. This is an advertisement of a comic opera, and, therefore, must be wrong. There is a young woman in Chinese costume sitting on the crescent of the moon. I wish everything Chinese were as charming and as harmless; but, alas! it is the advertisement of another comic opera. There is a lady with a pleasing figure executing a graceful *pas*. That is dancing, and we know what happens to people who dance. Besides, the lady is advertising tobacco, and what can be the moral effect of such a combination of blandishments on a small boy? These are damaging admissions, and yet I persist, irrationally, no doubt, in the belief that such pictures do no ill!

In some state of social perfection it may be possible to make the hoardings advertise "noble views of life"; but in our present stage of development we are dependent on tea, meat essences, custard and insect powder. Every hoarding used to be adorned with the portrait of an Eastern potentate, who was swallowing a very large fish with an air of intense enjoyment. Beneath this work of art ran the legend, "If you like the pickles, try the sauce." Sauce and pickles may be eminently meritorious, but what have they to do with "noble views"? Why expect a moral tone from the portrait of an insect, a hundred times the size of life, that commands an exterminating powder to households troubled by vermin? My aesthetic conscience is sometimes outraged by posters. When you see a picture of the Sphinx with a hat on, and a cigar in its mouth, and a face that is half satyr, half sot, you can only calm your emotion with Lincoln's philosophical aphorism, "If people like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they will like." But it is useless to wag a solemn finger in the House of Commons at such vulgarity, as if it must drag the nation to ruin if the Home Secretary does not interfere.

A correspondent has lately corrected my assertion that the comic Frenchman and German have disappeared from our stage. He is right. My error shows how one may be

misled by pure love of the ideal. The comic genius of a nation cannot help caricaturing its neighbours; but I submit that our caricatures have been softened by time. We have left off insinuating that the foreigner is unacquainted with soap. About the time of the '51 Exhibition, Leech drew a picture of a group of Frenchmen inspecting a toilet-apparatus with wondering curiosity. To-day the comic Frenchman is spared that primitive gibe; but he struts about in a musical farce, exclaiming, "Revanche! Fashoda!" in company with a comic German professor who inquires after an Egyptian mummy in broken English. Neither of them is any reflection upon his country; the reflection is upon the poverty of humorous invention in some popular entertainments. Broken English is a spivined old jest at any time; but it is strikingly out of place in the mouth of a German professor, who is likely to be at least as well acquainted with the language as the comic writers for our stage.

It is not always a strict regard for the proprieties of diction that denotes an admirable spirit. Chesterfield warned his son against laughter, because laughter, he said, distorted the features; and also against the use of any but the most elegant terms to express the feelings. I wonder what Chesterfield would have thought of the young "student interpreter" attached to the British Legation at Peking, whose letters in the *Times*, written only a few weeks before the massacre, give such a graphic sketch of the rising storm. "It is a rummy situation and no mistake," says this fearless youngster. He is quite prepared for the worst, thinks it not improbable that the European colony will be destroyed, but would not for worlds have missed what he calls the "fun." He expects Admiral Seymour's force every moment, and thinks there will be "fun" before it enters the city. He reports the disappearance of a Japanese, who is supposed to have had his head "sliced off," an operation that is called "very rough luck on him." It was well known that the Dowager-Empress, in a towering rage, had declared that she would have the "bossing" foreigners massacred, and had ordered ten thousand troops to the capital for that purpose. Even this prospect does not dash the spirits of the "student interpreter," who regards that infamous old woman as if she were especially designed to provide sport for his budding career. The shadow of a horrible tragedy is creeping over him; but he hails it gaily as "a rummy situation," and is boisterously thankful to find himself in it.

What do the moralists who complain about the hoardings think of the moral tone of this hardy young adventurer at Peking? Here is a lad who takes his life in his hand with infinite zest, and with a sense of duty not less praiseworthy than that of a Parliamentary censor. It may be said that he has a sportsman's view of his responsibilities; but is it any the worse for that designation? He looks on the Dowager-Empress as if she were a tigress in the jungle; and I think she does justice to the comparison. The tigress at bay rejoices the hunter, and should he fall a victim to her ferocity, he dies game, and wants no lamentations over his end. That spirit is always serviceable to the nation, because it has its allotted functions, its "rummy situations" that seem dreadful to dwellers in cities where law is supreme, but have the intoxication of adventure for bolder, simpler souls on the confines of civilisation.

How all our subtleties pale and dwindle in the presence of this elemental crisis! The philosopher who detaches himself from all practical interests might say a good deal about the intrusion of the foreigner in China, the arbitrary assertion of rights of territory and rights of trade. The Chinese do not want us; our customs, commerce, and religion are alike repugnant to them; they wish to isolate a region inhabited by a third of the human race, and to isolate it by a moral barrier compared to which the Great Wall is a cobweb. They have raised the issue in a form that makes it a struggle between the conjoined interests of the Western world and the primitive barbarism of the East. Blood has been shed that must be avenged, for without that vengeance no foreigner's life in China would be worth a pin's fee. The problem is tremendous, and it would never have arisen but for the white man's insatiable appetite for obstacles, "rummy situations," and markets. If he had been a different kind of creature, North America would have remained the happy hunting-ground of the Red Indian, and neither black nor yellow man would ever have heard of us.

Diplomacy scarcely shines at this juncture. It is an excellent instrument for juggling between civilised nations, but when it has to deal with a barbaric impulse that threatens to spread through four hundred millions of people, it lacks breadth and imagination. Somebody is responsible for the delay in dispatching an overwhelming force to Peking. It is not easy to allot the blame; but an article in the *St. Petersburg Herald* shows that some professors of public affairs are prepared to justify the diplomatic virtue of leaving the Europeans at Peking to their fate. Better that they should have perished than that Japan should have saved them, for this would not have suited the plans of Russia and Germany!

THE SITUATION IN CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The task in the Far East is one of tremendous magnitude, but the China War of 1860 and the suppression of the Tai-ping Rebellion are indications that no military obstacle stands in the way of its complete and comparatively speedy accomplishment; assuming, of course, that the Powers continue true to themselves as well as to the common cause of outraged humanity.

It must, however, be sorrowfully admitted that, even apart from the Peking massacre, the operations have been far from satisfactorily commenced. It would seem that four engagements have taken place at Tientsin since July 9, in three of which the Allied Forces, approximating 20,000 men, have been successful, while in one they nearly suffered a serious repulse. On July 9 a combined force attacked the enemy's position south-west of Tientsin, and eventually captured several forts. On the morning of the 11th the railway station, garrisoned by British, French, and Japanese troops, was heavily attacked by the enemy, who, however, were repulsed with loss. On July 13 the Allied Forces attacked the native city of Tientsin, but, after fighting all day, were unable to make an entry, having suffered heavy losses. On July 14 the attack was resumed, and the walls having been breached, an entry was effected and the enemy routed. The native city and its defences were said at the time of writing to be in the hands of the Allied Forces, who, however, had had about eight hundred killed and wounded in the fighting from July 12 to July 14, the Chinese artillery being of admirable efficiency and excellently served.

While the Japanese are preparing to advance on Peking, and the Continental Powers are busily organising and despatching reinforcements, the Indian troops under General Gaselee, amounting to about 10,000 men, are on their way, and several corps must be on the point of landing. A second division, too, has been warned to hold itself in readiness, and in this four battalions of British infantry and three field batteries are included. When the time comes for action on an extended scale, these two divisions, backed up by our magnificent China Squadron, will go far towards securing the proper representation of Great Britain in this epoch-making struggle.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Recent news from South Africa has not been of an altogether pleasing character. While for some weeks past it had been evident that the Boers still hovering round Pretoria were closely watching for an opportunity to harass the British garrison.

On July 10 a force of five companies of the Lincolnshire Regiment, with a section of O Battery R.H.A. and a squadron of Scots Greys, were holding a pass about eighteen miles west of Pretoria, called Nitral's Nek, with a view to maintaining road and telegraphic communication with Rustenburg. At dawn on July 11 a Boer force with four guns seized higher ground to the east of the pass, and brought a heavy converging fire to bear upon the British garrison. Fighting lasted all day, and before the reinforcements sent out by Lord Roberts could reach the spot the British force was overpowered, losing heavily in killed and wounded, together with the greater part of the squadron of Greys, a company of the Lincolns, and two guns, captured by the enemy. Many of the prisoners have since escaped, but the affair cannot but be regarded as a most unfortunate one.

While the campaign in the Transvaal has been unpleasantly diversified by the affair of Nitral's Nek, the operations in the Orange River Colony have been carried on steadily, and at the time of writing their aim and object seemed on the point of being realised. After the occupation of Bethlehem, the Boers, having just managed to escape to Fouriesburg, found themselves literally wedged in between Basutoland, and the British forces which, with Bethlehem as well as Senekal and Lindley in their hands, can now tighten the cordon at their will. It is earnestly to be hoped that a surrender, at any rate on the part of Mr. Steyn, will bring these operations to a speedy close. So far as De Wet personally is concerned, such a result may not be arrived at, as he appears to be a most uncompromising, as well as a very worthy, opponent. But with the surrender of Steyn and of a fair proportion of the 3000 Boers in his company, an impetus would be given to the final operations in the Transvaal, which are being delayed to the verge of tedium.

The directors of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch* (Ld.) have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30 last. The transfer registers of the ordinary shares will be closed from Thursday, July 19, to Wednesday, Aug. 1, both days inclusive, for the preparation of the warrants for the interim dividend. Dividend warrants will be posted on Aug. 8.

The official list of seaside, farm-house, and country lodgings issued by the London and South Western Railway Company should be obtained by all who have not already decided where to spend their holidays. With it they will receive the fullest particulars of the Company's tourist and excursion arrangements. Application should be made for the list at any of the London offices of the line.

The London and North Western Railway Company is advertising just now, for the benefit of tourists, a number of exceedingly convenient express trains. They start from London (Euston) and run to the pleasure resorts of North Wales and Central Wales, Blackpool, and the English Lake district. The Company's time-tables give all the particulars.

Among the increased facilities for visiting the South Coast, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have arranged a special afternoon excursion every Thursday to Seaford, allowing five hours by the sea. New fast trains are also running between London and Seaford and Bognor, and to Portsmouth, in connection with the improved services from Victoria and London Bridge to the Isle of Wight.



DESTRUCTION OF MAILS BY THE BOERS: OUR ARTIST, MR. PRIOR, HUNTING FOR HIS LOST SKETCHES.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Near Rhencaster Drift our men discovered a tract of about a hundred yards in length littered with letters and packets. Our Artist at once instituted a search to see whether he could recover some of the many sketches the loss of which readers of this Journal have the best reason to regret.

PROBABLE VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE AT PEKING.



THE MARQUIS RAGGI
(ITALIAN MINISTER).

The Marquis G. S. Raggi was born at Geneva in 1861, and served successively as Attaché at Madrid and St. Petersburg. He went last year as Envoy Extraordinary to Peking.



MR. E. H. CONGER
(AMERICAN MINISTER).

Mr. Conger was born in Illinois in 1847. He served through the Civil War, and thereafter was called to the Bar. He had been Member of Congress and Minister to Brazil.



THE LATE BARON VON KETTELER
(GERMAN MINISTER, MURDERED, JUNE 18).

Baron von Ketteler was murdered by native troops on June 18 while on his way to the Tsungli Yamen. He first served in China as interpreter. At Berlin, Tangier, and Washington he also held appointments.



SIR ROBERT HART
(DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF CHINESE CUSTOMS).

Sir Robert was born in 1834, and in his twentieth year proceeded to China. Sir Robert knew China in and out; and almost to the end he believed in the Empress's power to suppress the anti-foreign plot.



CAPTAIN VON THOMANN
(OF THE AUSTRIAN CRUISER "ZENTA").

Captain von Thomann accompanied the Austrian detachment to Peking out of curiosity. He was forty-four years of age, and married. His daughter is eight years of age.



MR. JAMES RUSSELL BRAZIER
(CHIEF SECRETARY CHINESE IMPERIAL CUSTOMS).

Mr. Brazier was the son of the late Professor Brazier, of Aberdeen University. He had been in the public service in China for many years. His wife, children, and sister were in Peking.



MR. W. P. KER
(FIRST-CLASS ASSISTANT TO CHINESE SECRETARY).

Mr. Ker was the son of the late Rev. J. Ker, of De-kford, N.H. He was promoted to the first class in the Consular Service in 1897, and in 1898 acted as Consul at Soochow. He served also at Shanghai.



REV. J. STONEHOUSE
(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

The Rev. J. Stonehouse was one of the missionaries attached to the London Missionary Society. Mrs. Stonehouse and two children were in the ill-fated city with him.



MISS G. L. SMITH
(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

At the end of May Miss Smith wrote home: "The present condition of the city and surrounding districts I would liken to an immense smouldering fire ready to burst into fierce flame."



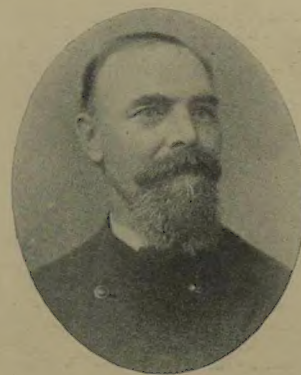
MISS E. E. SHILSTON
(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

Miss Shilston went to China under the direction of the London Missionary Society, and was in Peking at the time of the massacre. She belonged to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was twenty-six years of age.



THE REV. T. BIGGIN, M.A.
(LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY).

The Rev. Mr. Biggin succeeded Mr. Allardice at Peking. He was born at Stamford in 1871. During his second year at Oxford he offered himself for missionary work, and joined Mansfield College.



THE REV. W. H. MURRAY
(NATIONAL BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND).

Mr. Murray entered the service of the National Bible Society of Scotland in May 1894, went to China in 1897, and had since been the Society's representative in Peking.



MISS LILY E. V. SAVILLE, M.D.
(MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN THE WEST CITY).

Miss Saville was the daughter of the Rev. A. T. Saville, of Rye, Sussex, and studied her profession at the London School of Medicine, taking her degree at Brussels. Her appointment dated from 1895.



MRS. BREDON.

Mrs. Bredon was in Peking with her husband at the time of the massacre. Her daughter was also there. Mrs. Bredon was Lily Virginia, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Crane Banks, of San Francisco.



MR. R. E. BREDON
(DEPUTY-INSPECTOR CHINESE MARITIME CUSTOMS).

Mr. Bredon was, in succession, Commissioner of Customs at Han-Kau, Canton, etc., and returned home two years ago with the intention of retiring. Later he accepted the post of Deputy-Inspector.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN-PARTY.

In delightful weather the great garden-party in the spacious grounds of Buckingham Palace gave several thousands of the Queen's subjects the opportunity of greeting her face to face. And they made the most of it. Wherever the Queen drove in her low victoria, drawn by two grey horses, and preceded by an outrider on a white steed, a well-regulated rush, but a frank rush all the same, was made to give her a first, a second, even a third bow. The pleasant refreshment-booths were deserted when the rumour ran that the Queen's little carriage was approaching; ices were left to melt, and some ladies in the excitement of the moment carried the unfinished cake or sandwich with them as they hastened to help to form the human avenue through which her Majesty, graciously bowing, passed. Beside the Queen, who wore a dress and cape of black silk and a bonnet of black lace, sat the Princess of Wales, whose colours were black and mauve, and who wore her long string of pearls. In the Royal Pavilion, which the Queen entered leaning on the arm of her Indian attendant, the Prince of Wales awaited her and gave her a slight surprise by his novel costume—a blue single-breasted frock-coat with brass buttons, a reminiscence of the Regency. While the Indian attendants gave her Majesty tea, two Indian magnates did homage to her, and Lady Audrey Buller was also introduced to kiss hands. The Duchess of York and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and many other royalties joined the Queen's tea-party, and afterwards strolled among the other guests about the grounds. Lord Hopetoun, whose career as Lord Chamberlain came then practically to an end, was congratulated by everybody on the excellence of the arrangements made



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: DR. KRAUSE ON HIS WAY TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER OF JOHANNESBURG.
Sketch (facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



DELEGATES FROM JOHANNESBURG INTERVIEWED BY LORD ROBERTS'S CHIEF OF THE STAFF AT ELANDSFONTEIN.
Sketch (facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

under his direct and clear-headed personal supervision. When, as a sort of Vicereine, Lady Hopetoun gives a garden-party at the other side of the world, she may be a confidently happy hostess in the knowledge that the Governor-General can act, for the nonce, as his own Lord Chamberlain.

AMERICA'S GIFT TO INDIA.

The steamer *Quito*, of which we give a photograph, arrived in Bombay Harbour on June 25 with a cargo of 5000 tons of the best American maize for distribution among the starving thousands of famine-stricken India. This corn was sent as a gift by the readers of the *Christian Herald* in Canada and the United States, and two more shiploads are due shortly. The vessel, which was under the command of Captain Baird, was generously lent by the American Government. It was received on its arrival at Prince's Dock by a large assembly, under the presidency of Dr. John Pollen, who, with other speakers, referred appropriately to the generosity of the senders. The bulk of the grain will be distributed, by the agency of missionaries, through Gujarat and Rajputana, the districts most affected by the famine. It is interesting to note that the *Quito* floated both the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The Viceroy, Lord Curzon, sent a telegram from Ganeshkhind to the committee thanking them heartily. It read as follows: "I hear the steamer *Quito*, conveying American gift of corn, has arrived in Bombay, and desire to offer you, as representing the generous sympathisers in America, my warmest thanks for their magnificent contribution in aid of sufferers in India."

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

At Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham last week took place the partial mobilisation of the Fleet for the 1900 manœuvres. The details of tactics of the sort are difficult to convey profitably upon paper; but the scheme may be broadly stated as that of two fleets, one of which is again

divided, and is stationed at Milford and at Lamlash; then a second fleet, hostile and inferior to the first, also divided, and stationed at Berehaven and Lough Swilly; and thirdly, a hostile reinforcement which equalises the aforementioned squadrons. According to the plan prepared, the whole of Great Britain, the Isle of Man, and the Scilly Isles belong to the fleet first named; while Ireland belongs to the second or hostile fleet. Moreover, Milford Haven, Berehaven, Queenstown, and Lough Swilly are to be taken as fortified; all other ports, including Lamlash, as unfortified. The aim of each fleet naturally is to obtain command of the sea, which can only be done by driving the enemy into his ports, imprisoning him there, and clearing the sea of his torpedo craft. In the rather obscure words of the Admiralty note, the principal object of the manœuvres is "to obtain information as to the working of a fleet which is composed of vessels of all classes and is fighting for command of the sea." The programme adds that "the most suitable distance at which to establish a temporary base for a squadron watching a hostile fortified port is a subsidiary question," and that "the power which cruisers may or may not possess of hunting down and driving torpedo craft into port is another important point." No doubt of that; and the country will welcome and wish Godspeed to every attempt to maintain and to increase the efficiency of England's first line of defence.

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP.

At Friedrichshafen a fortnight ago Count Zeppelin made his first adventurous journey in mid-space on the air-ship that has translated into sober fact some of the wildest and therefore the favourite chapters in schoolboys' books of semi-scientific romance. Resembling a great boiler, and possessing a specific gravity which makes it a "scorner of the ground," the air-ship is seen in our illustrations aloft in air and then in two stages of its return, when, under heavy



PRESIDENT KRUGER ADDRESSING BURGHERS FROM HIS SALOON AT NEWCASTLE ON MARCH 2, 1900.

"My Burghers, you must thank God that you are not like the British."

pressure, it was led back captive to its shed, where, at last, it is seen in enforced recumbency and repose. On the occasion of its memorable first trial-trip, moving forwards, backwards, and sideways, it soared upwards to a height of over a thousand feet, and travelled 3·5 miles in a quarter of an hour.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

The interest—but that is too cold a word—of the week has centred in Peking and in its British Legation. There is no national egotism in thus focussing the point of observation. For in that far-off dwelling-place, once a Chinese palace, and for the last five years the home of Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald and their two children, the residents of all the other Foreign Legations and the whole foreign population of Peking, numbered, according to various estimates, at from four hundred to a thousand, gathered together to face death at the hands of an overpowering horde of Boxer rebels. England did not seek to bring all the European nationalities under her standard. Such, however, was the part which accident assigned to her; and by the deeds and deaths of her sons and daughters she proved herself worthy of the leadership fate assigned her. Only last Monday came the news which turned haunting fears into accepted horrors. The appeal of Sir Robert Hart, on behalf of the hard-pressed foreign population of Peking, had been sounded in vain; for Admiral Seymour and his allies, with two thousand men, had abandoned the hope of relieving their countrymen surrounded by six times that number of the enemy. Days passed; and people remembered that Sir Robert Hart had never cried "Wolf!" More days passed; and then from a tardy Chinese official came the report that the European guests of the capital had been overcome and had perished. Two newspaper correspondents confirmed the tidings with a variety of detail eagerly seized upon by readers keen to



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: PART OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT, TAKU.

The house in the foreground is that of Mr. Watts, pilot, father of Mr. James Watts, who broke through the rebel lines at Tientsin and brought news to Taku of Admiral Seymour's peril.

on the German staff, is quoted as having said lately that all the ladies of the Legations had provided themselves with poison. How Foreigners are to fare in other parts of

China is, of course, a question that anxiously presses. Record of the hard fighting at Tientsin is made by a military correspondent. Even the German Club in the town—of which an illustration is given—has ceased to be a place of recreation. It is the resort of all Foreigners, English among others; and one may imagine the councils of war and the devisings for defence that must be held, night and day, within its walls.

TRANSVAAL WAR PICTURES.

MR. PRIOR'S SKETCHES.

This week we welcome back to England, from South Africa and from his twenty-fourth campaign, Mr. Melton Prior, the *doyen* of war-artists. For thirty-two years and a score and four campaigns, Mr. Prior has been the trusty representative of *The Illustrated London News*. His first service was in the Ashanti War of 1873. Since then there has been no conflict of any importance

stood about three-quarters of a mile out of Pretoria. It was a long tin building, surrounded by a dense wire entanglement; the scene when relief arrived has been said by one of the correspondents to resemble the close of an Adelphi melodrama. The parade of the victorious army began at two o'clock in the afternoon, General Pole-Carew's Division leading. For three hours the troops streamed past Lord Roberts and the General Staff, who had taken up their position in the Central Square opposite the Town Hall. Other pictures show Dr. Krause on his way to arrange terms for the surrender of Johannesburg, and Mr. Kruger delivering his famous speech from the railway carriage at Newcastle on March 2. The President bade his burghers thank God they were not as the British, who were led by the sword and driven by the sword, and who, when their men would not go forward, turned their Maxim guns on them.

Our front-page picture, from a sketch by an officer, portrays the dramatic scene when General Ian Hamilton thanked the Gordons for their magnificent work at Doornkop, which led to the occupation of the western suburbs of Johannesburg. It was a weird scene when the General told Colonel McBean, commanding 'the Gordons, that he would like to say a few words to thank the Gordons for the gallant way in which they had stormed the hill. Night had fallen, and the rocky scene was only illuminated by countless grass fires in the valley below which lit up the smoke clouds. The General said: "Men of the Gordons, officers of the Gordons, I just want to tell you how proud I am of the regiment which my father commanded, and in which I was born. By to-morrow the whole of Scotland will be ringing with its deeds."

YACHTING AT RAMSGATE.

The Temple Yacht Club races were held at Ramsgate from July 7 to July 14, when the club handicaps and open handicaps and races were contested. The meeting was entirely successful, and good weather prevailed.

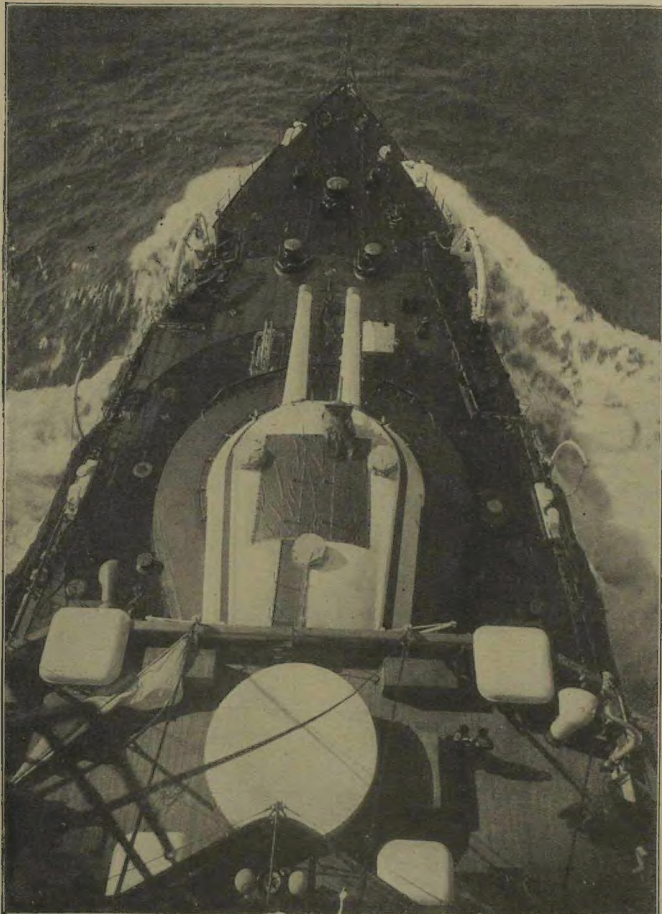


Photo. P. Curley.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: THE BOWS OF A BATTLE-SHIP FROM THE FORE-TOPI.

discover some ground for incredulity, at any rate as to details. "We can hardly dare to hope that in substance the reports of the massacre are inaccurate," was Mr. Brodrick's official notification in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon. The day before, a telegram had been received from Consul-General Warren at Shanghai stating that on July 8 the cannon of the Chinese had been turned against the square in which the Foreigners had fortified themselves, that the position had been carried, and that all the Foreigners had perished. Another account spoke of a desperate sortie, made in a vain attempt to escape.

On the retirement of Sir Nicholas O'Connor five years ago, Sir Claude MacDonald became Minister at Peking. Thither went with him his devoted wife, who had early served an apprenticeship to suffering. She was already a widow and childless, her husband, Mr. Craigie Robertson, of the Indian Civil Service, and her two children having all died together in one day from cholera. Fate has repeated itself strangely. Two children also she had in her second marriage, Ivy and Stella MacDonald, the last-named a child of three born in Peking; and again husband and two children perish together, but in companionship with the wife and mother.

Of the members of other European Legations who have fallen we have small space to speak. Herr von der Goltz,

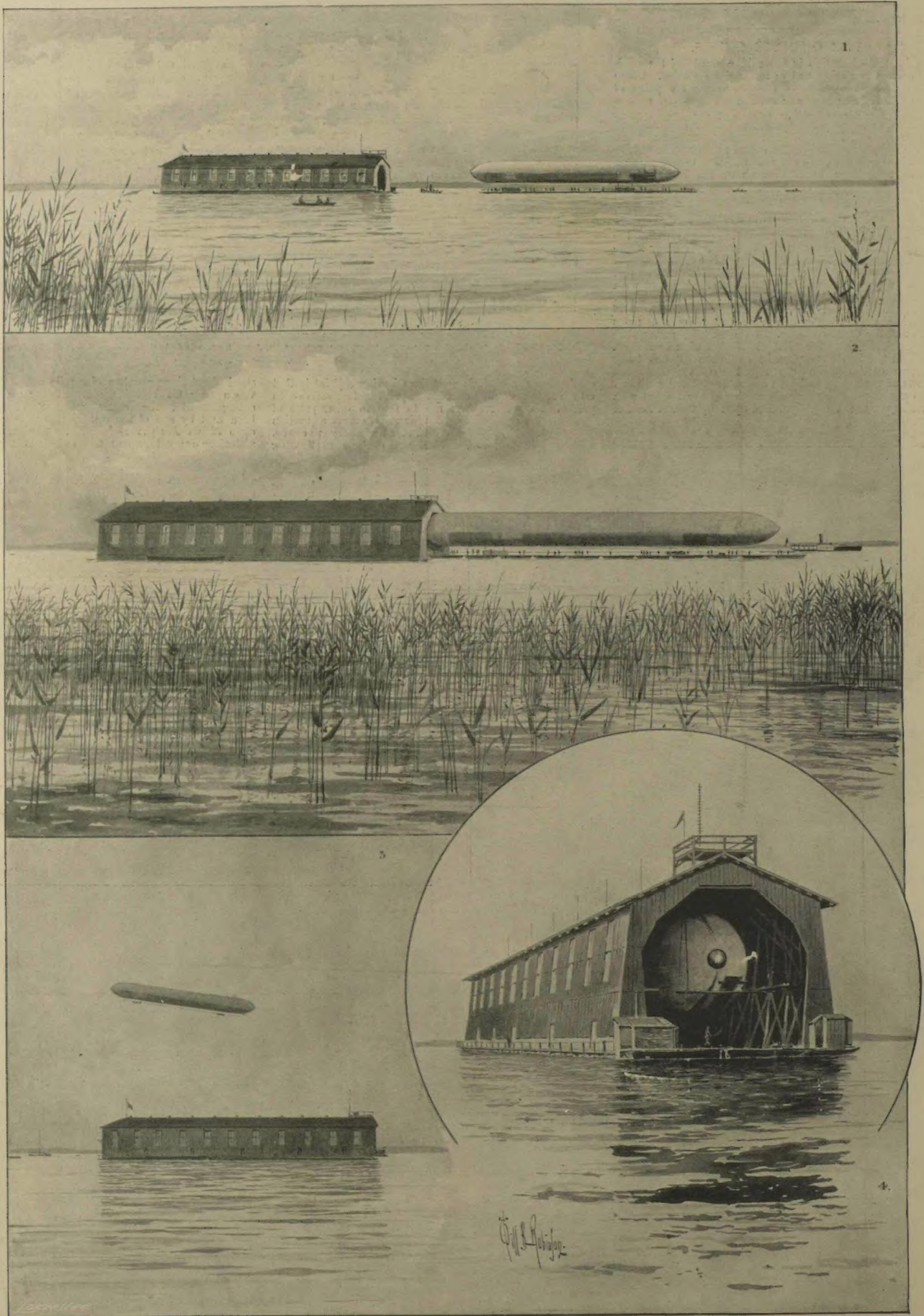
in which he has not borne a distinguished part in the ranks of the correspondents. It is a curious irony of fate that Mr. Prior should have escaped shot and shell at Ladysmith to be wounded in the eye by a cricket-ball during his voyage home. His pictures, which we publish this week, deal with the triumphal entries into Johannesburg and Pretoria. The former ceremony took place on May 31, the latter on June 5. More interesting, perhaps, than even the triumphal entry are the scenes of the release of the prisoners from "the Bird-cage," which



Photo. Mr. Shreehaner Narayan, Bombay.

AMERICA'S GIFT TO FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA: THE "QUITO," BEARING 5000 TONS OF CORN, AT BOMBAY.

THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION: COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP.



1. The Air-Ship, held down by Men, conveyed to the Shed by a Tug. 2. The Air-Ship being taken from the Shed. 3. The Air-Ship starts towards the South-East. 4. The Vessel in its Shed.



The TENANT of the FRIARY

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

PART II.

THE sea was smooth and the sun shone brightly while we crossed from Newhaven; but the sunshine seemed even more golden as we steamed into the harbour and up to the quay at Dieppe.

The tide was unusually low, so that we had to climb up to the quay by the landing-stage much as if it were a ladder. I was at once dazed and amused by the sunny-faced, chattering, gesticulating crowd of men in caps and blouses that surrounded us. I had heard so much about Normandy caps that I was surprised to see among the blouses several bareheaded women; here and there an old wrinkled fish-wife, with very short black skirt and a frilled white skull-cap, looked picturesque among the others. But to my untravelled experience what a change the whole scene was! The brilliantly clear atmosphere free from fog and damp; the blue sky softly veiled between the dazzling white of the great round cloud-masses that seemed to enjoy the sunshine; the cheerful voices clamouring and chattering round us, now shrieking out directions in high falsetto or in growling bass, now breaking into a peal of merry laughter at some irresistible joke; while a peremptory porter requested us at once to bestow ourselves in the omnibus belonging to his hotel. All this Babel of sound delighted me, and helped to give me the confidence which my husband had been trying to inspire ever since we left Saybourne.

Raymond has crossed with me to Dieppe, and we greatly enjoyed a day together in the bright sunshiny place; the novelty of everything made it doubly charming. The quaint town, with its gay market and lively people, its broad Plage and its High Street full of life and sparkling shop-windows, above all its bathing-place, then almost deserted but still showing tokens of modern life, a foreground to the grim old castle on the chalky heights behind it—all this and much more that there was to see, made us wish for a longer stay; but Raymond had to go back at once, and Mr. Wayle had begged me to bring his wife to him with the smallest possible delay. I therefore journeyed on alone by train and diligence till I reached at night the straggling seaboard village above which was the Convent of Sainte Ursule.

The sound of a lively discussion next morning made me look out of window. It was early, but the house had been some time astir; an assumptive cock had been announcing his presence by triumphant crows. The shimmer on the broad sea before me was almost blinding, but its colour was exquisite—lovely pale blue, except for the creamy line of foam that beat itself against the rocks, rough orange-brown masses stretching forward like misshapen tongues from the foot of the cliffs.

"Baptiste, eh then, Baptiste, will you never come to help me with this luggage?"

This was in a woman's voice overhead. The grin which came in answer was on the square, brick-dust coloured face just below my window. The half-closed blue eyes danced with fun, and the strong legs of the broad-shouldered figure were planted wide apart, as Baptiste flung back his tawny-coloured head.

He laughed heartily, and pointed with a flourish to the arrangement of bottles he carried in his left hand.

"Eh then, Marie, the luggage is happy where it is. Let a sleeping dog lie, my girl; the travellers who own that baggage have departed, and it cannot follow them till the diligence starts. Meantime, my child, I must get one hundred and forty-four bottles washed against they are called for. How can you compare wine-bottles with trunks? *Ma foi!* these bottles have held precious liquor, Beaune and Volnay, Chambertin even, who knows?—liquor fit to be drunk by the President himself! What are your frowzy boxes beside them, eh, my girl?"

"Rubbish!" cried the shrill voice overhead; "and see, Baptiste, I am neither your child nor your girl—you know well enough that I belong to my man Charlot. I need no care of yours, Monsieur Jack-of-all-Trades."

Baptiste set down his cage of bottles, and held his sides as he burst into fresh laughter; he was evidently delighted with the success of his draw.

"Good girl, good Marie!" He wiped his eyes with a brightly coloured cotton handkerchief. "Yet, my angel, if Felix came along, you would doubtless be less abusive. Eh, then, what do you say?"

For answer, the window was slammed down with what seemed unnecessary violence.

Baptiste's ecstacy of delight nearly sent him sprawling as he slipped backwards on a lump of greasy food, brought out by the chef for the cocks and hens.

Presently I went downstairs in search of a guide to the convent where I was to find Mrs. Wayle. The open house-door faced the foot of the stairs, and in front of it was Baptiste with another cage of empty bottles.

I said, "Good-morning."

He made me a low bow, but he kept the corner of his eye steadily fixed on me while he asked if I had slept well and if I had had my *café au lait*. His voice became almost tender in its solicitude for my comfort; but he shook his head despondingly when I told him I wanted a carriage at ten o'clock to take me back to the railway station.

"I regret that Madame should leave us so quickly—it gives me pain. See then how beautiful a spot this is, and yet no one stays here long enough to find out its beauties, Madame," he ended gravely, "the view from the churchyard on the cliff can only be matched in Heaven; *ma foi!* even there it would take a front place."

"I will go and see the view; but I want to find my way to the Convent of Sainte Ursule."

He turned sharply round. Marie, the tall, dark-eyed chambermaid, had come downstairs and stood behind us. She leant forward listening, with a hand on each hip.

"Your pardon, Madame," she said quickly, her white teeth gleaming between her red lips; "if Madame can wait but one little moment I shall be going on an errand to the convent this morning, and it will give me pleasure to show the way to Madame."

I was charmed by the glib politeness with which she rattled this off.

Baptiste chuckled; he said something to himself. To Marie—

"That is well!" Then as Marie went away, "That is very well, supposing the girl remembers; but I foresee that Madame will have to wait a little three-quarters of an hour for the guidance of Marie—a little moment, indeed!"

He chuckled again and winked both eyes significantly.

"If you will point out the way I believe I can find it."

He made a low bow.

"With Madame's pardon, I am perfectly at her service, if she permits me to accompany her!"

And I had been told that French people were no longer polite!

The way was beautiful. The shortest road to the convent was, Baptiste said, through the churchyard on the cliff, and when I saw from the churchyard gates how near I was to the large whitewashed building, I dismissed my guide. The hill had been steep, and I sat down on the grass to rest a few minutes and to enjoy the exquisite scene before me.

On my right was the small grey church, surrounded by wooden and metal crosses, some black, some white, adorned with wire emblems threaded with black and white beads; some of the black crosses covered with dabs of white paint to represent the tears of mourners. But the graves and their crosses were chiefly on the landward side of the church, and I sat facing the sea; it lay at my feet, deep down below the bold grassy cliff. On the left the grassed descent, broken here and there by gorse-bushes and brambles, curved forward and stood out, a projecting headland with brown rock and chalk boulders at its base. On the summit of the cliff was the long irregular building called Sainte Ursule. But the sea that lay below me! Never could I find words in which to paint its iridescent beauty. It had the soft yet luminous tints of the opal, and as it stretched out rippling towards the horizon these tints glowed into gold. Below the convent a cloud-shadow darkened the ever-moving water till a lovely grey spread over it. I could not help thinking how the young life of the girl within the convent walls had been clouded by her husband's desertion.

Nancy Wayle was certainly the loveliest creature I had ever seen.

Tall and slender, she came forward to greet me in the bare white-washed convent parlour with a natural grace of movement that seemed unconscious of being observed. At her husband's request I had written a few lines, and enclosed them with the note he sent her; he had destroyed his first letter, but she evidently understood that he was very ill. Her soft dark eyes looked for a minute timidly at me from under their long curved lashes, and then she took my hand and pressed it between her pretty white fingers, with a hungry longing in her eyes for my tidings. Her skin

was very fair and pure-looking; just below the dark soft hair that waved off her temples, and was loosely gathered in a knot behind, delicate blue veins showed through the transparent skin, but beneath her broad forehead the shadow round her eyes seemed too dark for the brightness of her expression; her other features were perfect, without any trace of severity, and when I said I had left her husband better than I expected, the happy smile that lightened up her sweet face was childlike in its gaiety.

"He tells me," she said gently, "that he owes his recovery to your kind care; it was so good of you."

I asked her how soon she would be ready to accompany me to Dieppe.

"I am ready now; I have only to say good-bye here," she answered, her eyes shining with joyful eagerness.

I explained that I would call for her in about an hour's time, and that we could, if she liked, cross by the night-boat from Dieppe. She clapped her hands gaily at this, and asked how long it would be before she reached the Friary.

"I am sure you will excuse my impatience," she said. "You are married, so you must know how I long to be with my husband."

she saw something in me that made me unworthy to be his wife."

I laughed at her.

"No fear of that. She saw how dearly your husband loved you, and feared you would try to convert him; she, therefore, tried to part you. She seems a crazy, unregulated woman."

She looked at me earnestly for a few minutes; at last she said—

"Is the Friary near your home?"

"About a mile away, a short country walk, so that if you are not well or need help of any kind, you will not have far to send for me."

"Thank you, I am so glad; I must tell you I never had a sister or a brother; all my people died when I was young; even the old aunt I lived with died last year, in Brittany, when we were staying by the sea."

"Have you been brought up in France?" I asked.

"Oh, no; my aunt had a cottage in a very quaint Sussex village, but she was fond of France, and someone told her about this sea-place in Brittany; we met Julian there, and we were all so happy, and then my poor aunt

likely return sooner than I said, and then, if you feel able, we will travel direct to Newhaven, and sleep there to-night."

She nodded gaily: she had recovered her spirits.

"And I shall get a glimpse of dear old Dieppe; I must always love Dieppe, we spent such a happy time there after our marriage."

She followed me to the door, and I said almost in a whisper—

"Stay indoors till I come back, and have someone with you; I mean, do not stay here alone."

She gave me a little wondering smile, and truly as I hurried back to the Hôtel des Bains, I wondered too. I told myself I had "Juana on the brain."

II.

By ten o'clock we were driving along the stony high-road on our way to the railway station. My sweet charge—I could not bring myself to call such a childlike creature "Mrs. Wayle"—lay back in the carriage thinking. She was plainly full of happy musings, and I was glad not to talk: I wanted to rearrange my plans. It seemed to me that I had really seen Juana, and that she looked crazy. If this were so, it was my duty to place Mrs. Wayle as



I felt my forehead; it was swollen on one side.

Poor dear child! It was easy to see that she knew little about her fellow creatures.

"I fear you must have been very dull and lonely here."

The white walls looked cold and desolate; there was not a plant to cheer or interest. Her dark eyes looked so sad that I regretted my words.

"Ah! dear Mrs. Harte, it has been like a terrible dream. Every day I have hoped he would come; at last I had begun to fancy all kinds of dreadful and foolish things. Sad as the news of his illness was, it was a sort of relief to get any news of him." She added hesitatingly, "Is a servant called Juana still with him?"

While she waited for my answer, a soft flush deepened the faint colour on her cheeks and made her yet more lovely.

"Mr. Wayle was displeased with Juana; he sent her away, and said she was not to come back to the Friary," I said.

She gave a sigh of relief.

"I am glad; for though I tried hard I could not please Juana, and I wanted to. She had been my husband's nurse, and he greatly valued her."

"She is bigoted, and you are not of her religion."

She smiled and looked happy again.

"I am so glad you think it was that. I was afraid, as she had known my husband so long, that

took a chill; she was gone, before the doctor from Rennes could reach us.

She looked very sad.

"And then you married Mr. Wayle?"

"An old English lady, with whom we travelled to Brittany, was very kind; she offered to take me with her to her home in Paris, and asked me to stay with her as long as I liked.

There was a pause, then she said sadly—

"I stayed with her till our marriage. I sometimes think this great sorrow has come to me because I was so soon consoled for the loss of my aunt; she had been so very good to me, and yet I married Julian only a few weeks after her death. Then it seemed quite right and delightful; now I think it was very heartless. Yes, we married, and went to live at a charming place my husband had bought near Falaise, and I was so happy."

She stopped and shivered, as if at some painful memory; she hid her eyes with her hand. Strangely enough, I felt a cold wave pass over me. Instinctively I looked behind me at the open window; I felt bewildered. Was it fancy, or did I really see scowling dark eyes gleam at me from beneath a black hood as they disappeared?

While I sat looking at this lovely Nancy, listening to her gentle talk, I had forgotten everything else. I rose quickly from my wooden chair.

"I must say good-bye for the present. I shall most

soon as possible under her husband's protection. If we lost no time on the way we might reach Dieppe in time to cross by the day-boat and sleep in London, instead of Newhaven. In any case, I determined to share this sweet girl's room; I could not shake off the memory of Juana's scowling eyes.

A loud outcry—a sudden shock. What was this? I fell, and lost consciousness.

I opened my eyes and looked about. I was half lying, half leaning against an earthbank beside the long, straight road we had been following. I stretched out my hands and feet. I was sound, though I felt sore and stiff; my head ached violently. I felt my forehead; it was swollen on one side, and when I smoothed away my hair from it there was blood on my glove. I rose to my feet, very sick and giddy, and then I saw the driver. He had seemed a good-natured, laughing fellow; he now lay groaning on one of the blue cloth cushions of the carriage, his head tied up in his red and green handkerchief.

"Are you hurt, my poor fellow?"

He scrambled to his feet, and came to me pouring out a volley of incoherent words, among which I heard oaths and the frequent utterance of "brigands."

He said he was not much hurt, but that a wheel had come off his carriage. He had been unwilling to leave me while I was unconscious, or he could have got it mended at Saint Martin, which was only half a kilometre off.

In the midst of his words I called out—
“But where is the lady?” I was only just recovering my wits.

The man stared at me, and shrugged his shoulders.

“Eh! Mon Dieu, Madame, the other lady in the close carriage behind us took Mademoiselle with her; I helped lift the poor child into the carriage. I said, ‘Have you not

This aroused Nancy’s suspicions. She had lost her old fear of displeasing Juana. She said firmly—

“You must go and find a doctor at once, Juana, and send him to Mrs. Harle.”

As she spoke, a thin, tall man came into the waiting-room.

“The train will not be up yet; there is plenty of time,”

“I am in trouble, Sir; will you kindly help me?”

Juana stepped forward and tightly grasped her arm.

“You must not listen to her, if you please, Sir; the poor child is afflicted”—she touched her forehead: “she has escaped from her friends, and I have the charge of taking her back to them.”

The stranger looked intently from one face to the other, then he said to Nancy, “How can I help you?”

III.

By the time that Nancy had finished her explanations and the clergyman had told Juana he did not believe her story, and had ordered a vehicle to go in search of me and bring me to the station, I arrived upon the scene; Juana, when looked for, was not to be found.

I have not much more to tell. On reaching Dieppe, I wired to my husband to meet us next morning at Newhaven. It was a great joy to see him again, and to feel ourselves safe under his care; though the Good Samaritan, Mr. Stone, was very kind and helpful.

Raymond told us that Mr. Wayle had recovered surprisingly, and that the doctor had sanctioned his journey to London to meet his wife.

Nancy’s sweet face beamed with happiness when she heard this news. I thought she looked like a lovely flower as I took her to the hotel in Victoria Street where my husband had left Mr. Wayle.

She hung back for a moment at the door of his room, but then she went bravely in and greeted him very sweetly.

He looked better than I could have expected, and gave one of his fascinating smiles as he turned to me.

“I—we—have very much to thank you for, Mrs. Harle. My wife will tell me all about it, won’t you, Nancy?”

I said Good-bye to them, and I saw the husband’s eyebrows rise, I thought, in protest, when the girl hugged me and kissed me at parting; she looked as if she wished me to stay a little longer.

“Poor dear, loving little wife, I hope he will make her happy,” I said to myself as I went to join Raymond.

THE END.



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE ENTRANCE TO THE LONDON MISSION HOSPITAL, PEKING.

Photo supplied by Mr. J. R. Bedford

room for Madame also?”; but she said, “No, Madame must follow us later. I hasten to take this one to a doctor—I know where to find one. This lady is my niece.”

I grew cold while I listened; a horrible fear pressed on my heart.

“Was the lady tall?” I asked at last. “Had she dark eyes and heavy black eyebrows?”

“Yes, yes!” he exclaimed; “Madame has made her picture. The sweet young lady has also dark eyes, though they were closed when I raised her from the ground; but hers are the eyes of a dove, the strange lady’s eyes are wild. Mon Dieu! she has a temper, that one!”

I had to pull myself together; my head ached so badly that I could hardly help crying, but crying would not help me to overtake Nancy.

All this while the horse was peacefully nibbling at some scanty grass on the waste that bordered the farther side of the road.

“Go quickly to Saint Martin and get help—a fresh carriage; a cart will do. I want to overtake my friend.”

He nodded and went off on the horse, which he freed from its harness more quickly than I could have expected.

Was our overturn an accident? I asked myself, as I looked at the big stones which the driver had anathematised. He swore they were not on the road yesterday. At first I felt doubtful whether I had better go on, or return to the convent and seek for Nancy. But as I reflected, it seemed certain that Juana—for it must be she—would make either for Rouen or Dieppe—the station lay between those towns—rather than for a village, where her arrival would attract notice. I decided that she would choose Dieppe: in a place of such constant change and passage, she and her victim would be safe from observation.

The driver had put one of his cushions for me on the earthbank. While I sat there, anxious and miserable, Nancy was being quickly driven to the railway station.

She opened her eyes, but did not at first recognise Juana.

“You do not know me, Madame; I saw you lying insensible, and I am taking you to a doctor; your fall has hurt you, poor lady.”

Nancy at once recognised the harsh voice. She sat upright and laughed. “I am all right, only dazed, and I think my elbow is bruised; but, Juana, I do not need a doctor, thank you; I am not ill. Did you find me alone? Where’s Mrs. Harle?”

Juana looked very grave.

“We are hurrying on, Madame, so as to send a doctor to her; she is a good deal hurt.”

“And you left her alone, with no one but the driver? Stop the carriage; we must drive back.”

Juana answered that Mrs. Harle had told her to hasten on, and to convey her charge safely to the Friary; the lady said she would follow as soon as she could.

Nancy was uneasy, but she made Juana promise that a carriage and a doctor should be sent to see after Mrs. Harle.

They reached the station. Juana led the girl into the small waiting-room, and seated herself beside her.

Juana said. Then she whispered: “I cannot leave you unprotected, Madame.”

Nancy felt very impatient. She told herself she should be quite as well protected by this stranger, who looked like an English clergyman, as by Juana. He walked up and down, and then stood examining a photograph of Rouen Cathedral.

All at once Nancy heard the sound of an approaching train. She saw an eager look in Juana’s face.

“I beg your pardon, Sir,” the girl called out impulsively to the Englishman, and he at once turned round to her. “Can you tell me when the next train is due for Dieppe?”



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE LONDON MISSION CHAPEL, WEST CITY, PEKING.

Photo supplied by Mr. J. R. Bedford

Nancy did not look at Juana: she fixed her eyes on the clergyman.

“There is a train due now,” he answered; “there will be another in half an hour, also for Dieppe.”

Juana had risen; she put her hand on the girl’s arm. “as if I was her prisoner,” Nancy said when she told me the story.

“Come,” she said, “we are going by this train.”

She looked so determined that Nancy saw the truth. She jumped up, went and stood beside the stranger.

MISSION BUILDINGS IN PEKING.

The London Missionary Society’s Hospital at Peking, known as the “Bestowing Healing Compound,” is situated in Ha-ta-men Street, one of the chief thoroughfares of the Tartar City. Its entrance, as our photograph shows, is indicated by two high poles. In connection with this hospital there is a dispensary, four miles away, in the west city, under the care of a native assistant. Between them the institutions do a great deal of useful work. Thirty-eight years ago Dr. Lockhart opened the Peking Hospital, and the fact that it was the first in North China has proved of no little value in a country where age counts for so much. It can provide accommodation for forty-three in-patients, and, of course, has a large out-patient branch. The

Society has two chapels in Peking—one in the east city and another in the west. Our second photograph presents an excellent view of the chapel in the west. It was built in 1889 at a cost of between five and six hundred pounds, and, until the recent outbreak, Mr. Stonehouse was the senior missionary in charge. The west city is a Manchu district. In addition to the chapel, there are, or were—for it is very doubtful whether they still stand—mission houses and schools.

THE BRITISH SPHERE OF INFLUENCE IN CHINA.

The question of British or other spheres of influence or "interest"—the latter seems the favourite diplomatic phrase just now—is one which in the light of to-day may have to be reconsidered by the civilised Powers of the earth. The determination of all nations at the present moment seems to be to restore order in China and to obtain reparation at any cost for the loss of life and property in that benighted country. When order has been restored and reparation obtained it is devoutly to be hoped that the Western Powers may not quarrel over the spoils, for if that happened, not only England, but America, Japan, Germany, Russia, France, and all the smaller European Powers would find themselves entangled in one of the greatest complications ever contemplated by the most imaginative authors of fiction. In the opinion of many of those best able to judge, Japan should have been allowed to finish the work which she commenced at the time of the Sino-Japanese War, and Japan has a just right to complain of being deprived of the fruits of her victory when she was compelled to recede from the Lia Tung peninsula, which immediately afterwards was taken possession of by Russia—an incident which was quickly followed up by Germany forcibly occupying Kiau Chau, and England, Wei-hai-Wei. It is sincerely to be hoped that some arrangement will be arrived at between the Western Powers and Japan whereby Japan, who is best able by far to do so quickly, will take immediate steps towards putting an end to the present reign of terror in China.

If it take all the armies of the world to restore order in China it must be done, and done at any price. The most highly cultivated, the most far-seeing, the most advanced and progressive of Chinese statesmen are doing all in their power to put down the state of anarchy which, unfortunately, to-day exists—not least among them Li-Hung-Chang, who seems to be the leading spirit in the "Provisional Government" which has been formed in order to endeavour to restore



CAVE DWELLINGS IN THE ICHANG GORGE, YANGTSE RIVER.

peace and order. Unfortunately, this "Provisional Government" must necessarily find it difficult to exchange ideas; it is composed of six Viceroy and Governors, all resident in different parts of China. It is impossible

for them to meet in consultation, and their only means of communication is by telegraph or letter. The telegraph service is corrupt, and consequently telegrams may be mutilated, or even made to read the exact reverse of what was intended. Communication by letter is useless, because of the distances and the time necessary, and therefore it would be highly advisable if some Chinese statesman could be induced to proclaim himself "Regent" or "Dictator" or "Mediator," or call himself by any other name he chose, with whom and through whom terms of peace (because we are really at war, whatever may be said to the contrary) could be arrived at between the Western Powers and the Chinese nation. For want of a better man some of those best qualified to judge favour the suggestion of Mr. Pritchard Morgan, that Li-Hung-Chang be requested by the Powers to take the reins of government in his hands until a future monarch of China is created. In the present state of anarchy, Li-Hung-Chang could hardly be expected to assume such great responsibilities, unless he were assured of the support of the world.

When order has been restored, when a new monarch has been put upon the throne, we shall then have to consider the question of spheres of influence or interest; and there seems little doubt that the Yangtse Kiang Valley will be the sphere in which we shall exercise our influence or guard our interests, as the case may be. No one seems to know exactly what these terms of "influence" or "interest" mean; not improbably China may be hereafter apportioned to different nationalities for the purpose of exercising a guardianship or a sort of police protectorate; but we hope there will be no territorial appropriation, and that China—or at least what is left of it—will be kept open for the trade and commerce of the world. We give some sketches of scenes in the Yangtse Valley.



ENTRANCE TO A COAL-MINE, UPPER YANGTSE RIVER.



THE PILLAR OF HEAVEN (HSUEH-SHAN) ABOVE RIVER IN THE ICHANG GORGE.



"LOPERS" FROM THE INTERIOR TRAVELLING TOWARDS THE COAST: THE CHINESE SUBSTITUTE FOR CANAL LOCKS.

The Imperial or Grand Canal extends from Canton to Peking. Innumerable branches passing through countless cities, towns, and villages connect the utmost limits of the Empire with this main artery of waterways. The boats, which are of various sizes, are propelled by a peculiar and ingeniously constructed gear, sloping at an angle of about 45 degrees, is used, and by means of a capstan or two the boat is drawn over the gear. When the boat is too large to pass through the lock, a screen of wicker-work is fixed at the bar. The rivers and canal are the real highways of China, and by these the boats of the Empire are transported to the coast.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



IVY MACDONALD, AGED SIX YEARS



STELLA MACDONALD, AGED THREE YEARS.

PROBABLE VICTIMS OF THE PEKING MASSACRE; THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF SIR CLAUDE AND LADY MACDONALD.



THE GERMAN CLUB, TIENSIN.

T H E N A V A L M A N Œ U V R E S.



H.M.S. "Hawk."

H.M.S. "Immortalité."

H.M.S. "Superb" (served at the Bombardment of Alexandria).

"A" DIVISION OF THE MEDWAY FLEET RESERVE TAKING ON BOARD SHOT AND SHELL AT SHEERNESS BEFORE GOING TO SEA.

Drawn by H. Wyllie.



PORTSMOUTH DIVISION OF THE DESTROYER FLOTILLA CARRYING OUT EVOLUTIONS.



THE QUEEN'S GARDEN-PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON JULY 11.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Owing to causes beyond my control, I am writing earlier than usual; and I am, therefore, not certain whether the rumoured nomination of Madame Sarah Bernhardt to the Legion of Honour will turn out to be correct. I am, however, inclined to think that this time the great French artist will not be disappointed, as she so often has been; and I, for one, shall rejoice at the realisation of her long-cherished ambition. The moral and honorific value of the Legion of Honour still stands very high, though perhaps not as high as was dreamt of by the founder of the institution. So high did it stand in the estimation of Napoleon the First's contemporaries that he did not dare to confer it upon one of the greatest actors of all times, who was, moreover, his personal friend—namely, Talma. Napoleon practically admitted this in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," where he also told of his attempt to prepare the play for such an innovation by giving Crescentini, the famous tenor or soprano—the Order of "The Iron Crown of Lombardy."

Virtually, Napoleon had himself to blame for the astonishment, not unmixed with banter, that greeted the distinction conferred upon Crescentini. Under the *ancien régime* in France, no actor could even as a make-believe on the stage, display the insignia of an order of chivalry. Napoleon was guided by that legislation, and instituted a similar prohibition with regard to the Legion of Honour, which prohibition was continued under the Restoration in connection with the Order of St. Louis.

Since then, in spite of Napoleon's attempt "to eat his own words," no actor in France has had the decoration of the Legion of Honour bestowed upon him as an actor. When the dignity of knighthood was conferred upon Messrs. Irving and Bancroft, it was distinctly understood that they were indebted for it to their talent as actors, although the fact of their having raised the tone of the stage was not overlooked. Neither those who gave nor those who received thought it necessary to advance special—not to say specious—pleas. Not so in France. Even Napoleon III. had not the moral courage to run counter to public prejudice, to defy "the whimsicality of the so-called moral traditions," as his uncle said. The first actor who had the Legion of Honour was Samson; but the patent accompanying the nomination distinctly pointed out that the honour was bestowed in consideration of his eminent services as a Professor at the Conservatoire, and "that he had relinquished the stage." That was in 1864. After he had left the profession, Samson appeared on a single occasion "behind the float" at the Théâtre Lyrique of the Place du Châtelet, the house facing Madame Bernhardt's present playhouse. It was at a benefit performance to enable his nephew to provide a substitute for the conscription. I feel positive that had the great comedian repeated the ordeal more than once, there would have been an outcry.

Duprez, the famous singer, was honoured a twelvemonth later. Though some of the advisers of Napoleon III. were men of great capacities, they committed the most stupendous blunders where art, literature, the drama, and music were concerned. Samson had really written an able poem on the art of acting—so able, in fact, as to have met with the approval of George Henry Lewes, one of the most brilliant critics of the drama England ever had. Lewes frequently quotes Samson in his own book on "Actors and Acting." Yet the literary performance of Samson was not even mentioned; while Duprez's "Knight Companionship" was officially awarded to him, not as a vocal artist or as a professor of singing, but as a composer. It is a moot question whether the best-informed musical authority of the present generation has ever heard of Duprez's compositions, and I certainly do not claim to belong to that category. My very doubts about the value of Duprez's contributions to music made me careful not to commit myself. Hence, I consulted those who had the right to speak on the subject. Duprez's musical baggage consisted of a couple of small and a couple of larger operas, in addition to a dramatic cantata or oratorio. Not one of these has remained on the repertory; not one of these is likely to be revived. "Criticism," says the Grand Dictionnaire Larousse, "has shown itself justly severe, etc. When a man has acquired the reputation of Duprez, what is the use of compromising it by obstinately pursuing a career in which he can only obtain the most meagre results? Even a second-rate composer cannot be improvised." It is, therefore, evident that Duprez's "composership" was dragged in by the hair.

Regnier received his riband also on his retirement, and equally as a Professor at the Conservatoire and not as an actor. He never appeared again in the latter capacity, though he undertook the functions of chief stage-manager. Faure, the eminent baritone, Göt and Delannay, the great actors, and the latter two's successors, Worms, Coquelin, Febré, and others, received their Knight-Companionship as teachers; while Madame Mario Laurent, as yet the only female Knight-Companion in the theatrical profession, was selected for the honour in consideration of her immense labours in connection with the founding of the Actors' Orphanage. I am curious to learn the pretext to be advanced for bestowing the Legion of Honour on Madame Bernhardt. She is not a Professor at the Conservatoire, and though charitable to a degree, like most eminent members of a profession remarkable for its charity, has no feat like Madame Laurent to her credit. Madame Sarah once committed a political escapade, which at the time of its commission made somewhat of a noise. While fulfilling an engagement at Copenhagen, she was invited to a public dinner, at which the German Minister to the Court of Denmark proposed the toast to France. "I drink to France," replied the great actress, "but to the whole of France"; laying particular stress upon the words, and thus importing the "réserve" idea into the proceedings. Perhaps the Republic, which in this instance appears to be looking for a way out of the difficulty of doing a gracious act, will remember the episode and so save the situation.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Sms.—The defence lies in Black's second move. After 2. K takes Kt the Black Knight checks, etc.

H A SALWAY.—We make it a rule that any addition to or alteration of a position must be made by the composer on a fresh diagram. Kindly send us another of 812.

SOMERSET AND OTHERS.—The Knight is essential. It stops a second solution.

R COLLINGS (Morphy Mansions).—The problem shall receive early examination, and if correct shall certainly appear.

J LAY TAYLOR.—We are pleased to find you so busy again. We cannot make a choice without examination, so meanwhile will keep both in hand.

J M I (Ramsgate).—Your problem is correct, but it is too easy for our use in this column.

C W NEWER (Warwick).—We are much obliged for your courteous note, and especially for the information about previous publication. We will select one or two of the unpublished positions, as it would be a long time before we could print the whole series.

N O O (Nuneaton).—Its turn has not yet come, but we hope to report shortly.

G DOUGLAS ASHBY.—Twenty years ago your problem would have commanded admiration. The idea has been so often worked since then.

J BATTY (Colchester).—There is not a second solution by 1. B takes P.

REV. R BEE.—Your problem seems correct, but it is too easy for publication.

W H GIBNEY.—Much obliged.

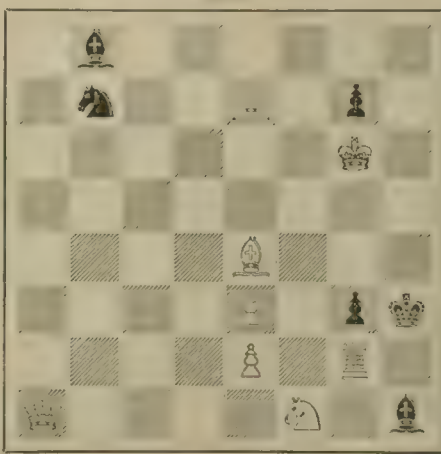
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2282 received from Emile H Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 2229 from Geo. Devey Farmer, M.D., Anaster, Ontario; of No. 2300 from Edward J Sharpe and Geo. Devey Farmer; of No. 2301 from Edward M Eysen (Higham), Blair H Cochran (Harting), Hermit, Edward J Sharpe, G T Hughes (Bullin), D B R Olin, Joseph Orford (Liverpool), K P (Madison), J D Tucker (Hilkey), Thomas Charlton (Chapman), Rev. W. Hoyer (Norway), and R W Bowyer (Halesbury); of No. 2302 from Dorothy Eysen (Higham), Blair H Cochran (Harting), W d A Bernard (Uppingham), Edward J Sharpe, J Bailey (Newark), Joseph Orford (Liverpool), J D Tucker (Hilkey), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J C Gandy (Norwood), F B Worthing, Albert Wolff (Putney), J Betty (Colchester), J Hall, Alpha, James W North (Baleford), G Stillmest Johnson (Cobham), C R Shaw (Newark), Birmingham, H Le Jeune, E For Hill (Crawford), Rev. A Mays (Belford), Henry A Donovan (Lidstone), Sarrento, C E Perugini, Charles Burnett, F R Inckering, and W M Kelly (Worthing).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2283 received from H Le Jeune, F W Moore (Brighton), R Wooters (Canterbury), W M Kelly, F J Gandy (Norwood), Edward M Eysen (Higham), W H Gundry, C E Perugini, Henry A Donovan, Rupert Rogers (Stratford), Edward J Sharpe, F G Manning (Colchester), Miss D Gerson, Stamford, J D Tucker (Hilkey), T Roberts, Charles Burnett, G Stillmest Johnson, F Bailey, W H Silk (Mossley), James W North, Edith Cooper (Reigate), J H Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), E F Pear Hill (Crawford), C E H (Clifton), R Nugent (Southwold), F S H Hampstead, Sarrento, W d A Bernard (Uppingham), F Harrison (Liverpool), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), M E Carr (Gaulford), A J B Baxter (Nairn), Alpha, Martin F, and Albert Wolff (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2282 BY W. CLACKTON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 4th. ANY MOVE
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2283 BY THE REV. J. JESPERSEN.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in the telegraph match between Victoria and New South Wales.

(Vienna Game).

WHITE (Mr. Jacobson, Victoria)	BLACK (Mr. Loughman, Victoria)	WHITE (Mr. Jacobson, Victoria)	BLACK (Mr. Loughman, Victoria)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Kt to B 5th	R to K 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. Kt to R 4th	Kt to K 3rd
3. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	21. R to K 3rd	Q to Q 4th
Black has a large choice of fair moves at this point. The one selected seems now to be the most favoured by leading players.		22. R to K 3rd	Q to Q 4th
4. P takes K P	Kt takes P	23. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q Kt 5th	24. Kt to K 7th	P to Q 4th
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	25. Kt takes P	P to Q 4th
7. Castles	Castles	26. R to R 4th	Kt takes Kt
White by this method of opening gives a somewhat cramped position, but the play is even for a long time.		27. R to R 4th	Kt takes Kt
8. P to Q 3rd	P to Kt 5th	28. R takes R	Kt to K 2nd
9. P takes Kt	B to K 2nd	29. R to B 6th	R to Q B 4th
10. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	30. R to B 2nd	P to Q 4th
11. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	31. K to K 3rd	P to Q 4th
12. R to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	32. K to K 3rd	P to Q 4th
13. P takes B	K to R 4th	33. K to K 3rd	P to Q 4th
14. Q to K 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	34. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
15. R to Q K 5th	P to Q K 3rd	35. P to Q 5th	P takes P ch.
16. R to K 5th	Q R to K 5th	36. P takes P	P to K 5th
17. Q R to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	37. R to Q K 6th	P takes P
18. R takes B	R takes B	38. P takes P	R to Q 2nd
19. Kt to R 4th		39. K to Q 5th	P takes P

With an eye to Kt to B 5th, which Black

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I wish with all my heart that the wise words of Professor John Perry, F.R.S., published in *Nature* under the heading of an article entitled, "England's Neglect of Science," could be reprinted and circulated widely, not only among those interested in scientific education and training, but among the public at large. His remarks are so much to the point that they may be regarded as epoch-making in any controversy or discussion which may happen to take place on the wholesale neglect of science in Great Britain at large. We live in an age when physical science is revolutionising our life. Every great improvement in labour-saving machinery, in manufacturing processes, in telephoning, in electrical lighting and traction, and in every other department of practical life is the direct outcome of scientific study.

Professor Perry's indictment is to the effect that in England science is neglected in a wholesale way. Lecturers, at the best, are schoolmasters, and schoolmasters, at the best, are schoolmasters. His list is even longer than this, and all ignorant of physical science. Heeds them "clever ignorant men," and he is perfectly right; and in spite of these "clever ignorant men," and through the work of a relatively few men who are not ignorant, "all the conditions of civilisation are being completely transformed."

There is a telling instance given of the curious relations which exist between the legislative phase of the country and the scientific side. The Professor reminds us that it is the legislator, ignorant of science, who demands and orders battle-ships of the best and most modern type. The constructor thereof knows that he ought to spend £100,000 in experimenting, by way of discovering how the older type of ship may be safely and satisfactorily replaced by a new and better type. But the legislator will not sanction the spending of the £100,000, or anything like it; and so it comes about that science, handicapped by the clever ignorance of the legislators, builds ships that do not turn out a success, but that cost us a million apiece all the same. The Professor, however severe he may be on Government neglect of this very science on which it relies for its actual preservation and existence, is just as severe when he comes to consider the effect of this apathy about science on the country at large.

We are wasting huge sums on the education of the masses, because we are teaching them accomplishments when they demand knowledge which shall serve them practically in the battle of life. This was Herbert Spencer's contention in his "Education," published long ago, but a book which should be read by every thinking man and woman to-day, and it is Professor Perry's argument strengthened a thousandfold now. The modern system of education does not provide for the natural training of the pupil in observation and in the art of drawing inferences from what he does see; and so he grows up an artificial product, with an artificial mind trained like that of a parrot in most cases, and unable to strike out any original line of thought for himself.

I remember my friend Professor James Stuart, M.P., making a most forcible plea for the remodelling of our University system on German lines. If it must be that literature and classics and abstract things are to be studied, let there be places where students may be taught, but let the head and front of the University idea be that of the service of science for the people. You accomplish this in medicine and law, why not in physical science? Why is it that, as Professor Stuart put it, when a big manufacturer wants a competent chemist at his works, he has to obtain one "made in Germany"? Because the German knows on which side his bread is buttered, to put the matter plainly, and the butter is the scientific training which has been received by every successful business man in his Technical School. Naturally, one may remind oneself here that we must have British methods for British folks. The British temperament is not the German one; and the British working-man (as every employer of labour knows to his cost) is not as his German prototype. What it must come to, however, is some imitation and following on our part of the patience, industry, and perseverance of the German youth, and, best of all, a wakening up to the fact that if other nations are chasing us in the race for wealth and prosperity, we must not be above taking a leaf out of their book, if we are to understand why we are left behind and how we are to make up the lost way.

Of course, we shall be told that all this has been said a dozen times over, but it is worth while saying it again in Professor Perry's own words. If, as events are teaching us in their own grim way, we have to follow while other countries lead, there must be something rotten in our state of Denmark, and the Professor, I think, has put his finger very deftly on the defect. There is no remedying I am glad to see Professor Perry has mentioned. This is the debt of gratitude Britain owes to Albert the Good in respect of his institution of the Science and Art Department. The work of this department has encouraged science-teaching and science-training as nothing else could have done. It set forth the advantages of science in ordinary life; it made possible the institution of classes where formerly there were dry and arid desert lands, intellectually speaking; and it instituted a system of examinations and scholarships which enabled the student to test his progress.

As Professor Perry says, what this country has wanted all these years has been the wide and universal extension and evolution of the Science and Art Department, which long ago could have organised its technical school in every parish and diffused a knowledge of science broadly over the land. There are a few signs in this direction, and we must look out for a small number. We have to make up for lost time and lost opportunities. It is interesting to see Professor Perry's that save us from becoming as Rip van Winkle, waking up from slumber to find a new world in whose creation we have taken little or no part.

'DUTY is the Demand of the Passing Hour.'—GOETHE.

THE VICTORIA ERA IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FOR ITS PURITY, GREATNESS, AND GOODNESS.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTTON.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
"This was a man."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no denomination. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator, CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.—Col. J. C. NICOLAY, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM!

LINCOLN'S ALLEGORY of the SHORN LAMB.

LINCOLN and
HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral.

"By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat in which I was travelling for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together, a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fishes upon a trot-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR EVER from the SCENES OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MOTHERS, and BROTHERS and SISTERS, and many of them from THEIR WIVES and CHILDREN, and GOING INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY, where the LASH of the MASTER is PROVERBIAL MORE RUTHLESS and UNRELENTING THAN ANY OTHER—WHERE;



and yet AMID THESE DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES, as we would think them, THEY WERE the MOST CHERFUL and APPARENTLY HAPPY CREATURES ON BOARD. One, whose offence for which he had been sold was an OVER-FONDNESS for his WIFE, played the FIDDLE ALMOST CONTINUALLY, and THE OTHERS DANCED, SANG, CRACKED JOKES, and PLAYED VARIOUS GAMES with CARDS from DAY to DAY.

"HOW TRUE it is that 'GOD TEMPER THE WIND to the SHORN LAMB!'"

Extract of a letter by Lincoln, from "Abraham Lincoln, The Man of the People" by Norman Hapgood.

MORAL.—PERFECT HAPPINESS lies FIRST OF ALL in PERFECT HEALTH, and does not GRIEVE for the things which we HAVE NOT, but REJOICES for THOSE WHICH WE HAVE.

And such is human life, so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

A TEAR!

The Drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.—BYRON.

LOVE OF LIFE.

"'Tis Life, NOT Death, For which we pant;

More Life and Fuller, That we want!"—TENNYSON.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling if mostly of purpose. Without it Life is a Sham! A new invention is brought before the public, and the public is deceived. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

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CAUTION.—See that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless imitation.

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LADIES' PAGE.

Royal functions that include great numbers of persons are decidedly to be recommended. The great majority of people who have been presented and occasionally go to Court are never once invited to a State concert or ball, these entertainments being reserved for a decidedly inner circle. The idea of a huge garden-party, to which some



A GOODWOOD DRESS OF BLACK MUSLIN AND WHITE CHIFFON.

thousands of her Majesty's loyal subjects can be invited to have the pleasure of a glimpse of royal personages and the satisfaction of saying that they have been there, is a capital one. The five thousand guests at last week's garden-party were members of many circles. There were, of course, many of the same people who do go to the State balls, but there were also representative members of every profession, not excluding "the" profession, members of Parliament and of London local councils, and the ladies of their families, City magnates, leading journalists and authors. Only a limited number of the guests could be spoken to by the Queen, but nearly everybody saw her as she drove slowly round. The lovely frocks gave unbounded delight to their wearers and observers; the grounds were seen in fullest beauty, and rebuked the notion that London foliage is dusty and brown in the very heart of summer; the royal watermen in quaint garb rowed passengers on the lake; and there was aural demonstration that the best military bands have not left town. It was a delightful occasion altogether, and one the annual repetition of which would be popular.

Dresses were as various as the company. Muslins and other soft thin fabrics were much worn by the fashionable contingent, but some ladies had felt that the occasion demanded stiff silks. Sometimes these were well designed, but inevitably looked warm. One of the best was a thick ribbed white silk scalloped down the front and edged with three rows of silk braid, the one binding the scallops being black, the next gold, and the innermost white and silver; each scallop was fixed with a tiny gold button, having a diamond in its centre. The skirt was trimmed to harmonise, the braid sweeping away near the foot and forming quite a complex design at either side. Another dress in cream silk was trimmed with flowers in gauze padded and raised, the faintest tints of pink in their hearts and of green in their leaves; a toque of mauve and gold was not inharmonious. Salmon-pink poplin, with guipure yoke and undersleeves, made another costume of stately look; and mauve and pink brocade trimmed with jewelled lace was stately too. In pleasant contrast to such heavy splendour were the innumerable foulard and tulle frocks. A showy and pretty one was of red and white striped tulle, with sleeves of Cluny lace over white chiffon, a full front of lace and chiffon held down by straps of black velvet with tiny diamond buckles, and skirt strapped with black velvet and inserted with bands of Cluny lace. A rose-pink soft silk was trimmed with a frou-frou of tiny flounces, each of which was tucked all along its course as finely as

possible; cream lace covered the bolero, and a cream crêpe scarf formed a rosette on the left side of the bosom; the big hat was white, with pink roses and green and white chiffon for trimmings. A white satin-faced foulard was painted with hydrangeas on side-panels and back breadth, the front and supporting portions of the demi-train being net sprinkled with artificial hydrangea-blossom petals. A turquoise-blue soft silk almost covered with black spotted net, and this strapped down with pink velvet ribbon bands, was original and pretty; the becoming hat was tricorn in shape, of blue straw trimmed with white and pink ostrich-plumes. Pink was much patronised, and was universally becoming. Pink chiffon trimmed with wide lace as a robe down either side, and as a bolero with a chon of black velvet fastening it on the shoulder, was very effective; lace never looks to better advantage than when mistily veiling soft chiffon, and though it was certainly what the maids would call "a pity" to see so much fine lace dragging in the dust above flouncings of delicate chiffon, yet in every case the effect was good. In this way were made some of the smartest frocks: an under-dress completely formed of chiffon, with panels of a handsome silk at sides and back, or a printed crêpe-de-Chine, or of lace laid over a silk foundation; and then a deep flounce of real lace set round the foot, and lace carried, more or less, over the chiffon elsewhere.

The Queen wore her customary black, relieved by a white feather in the bonnet, white silk lining to the black silk grenadine cape, and white sunshade draped with black lace. The Princess of Wales is not often seen in black, but wore it on this occasion, her gown being chiefly of fine Chantilly lace sparingly embroidered with jet, and laid over chiffon; a heliotrope tulle toque trimmed with violets and an aigrette of orchids, a mauve parasol, and a rope of pearls over the bodice relieved the effect. The Duchess of York wore her "daughter's mourning" in black silk muslin; and Princess Henry of Battenberg was also all in black, the material grenadine, with a little jet on the bodice, and a toque of chiffon and black feathers. Both royal ladies wore the fashionable string of pearls, which looks so effective with black gowns. Black picture-hats with light gowns were very much seen, one beautiful wearer of this combination being the Countess of Yarborough, in tea-rose yellow chiffon overlaid with large quantities of white lace, and a big black hat and plumes, with a touch of blue in it, as well as at the waist of the gown. Lady Powys was in pale lemon voile and lace, with big black hat. Fine black lace or net laid over white as a partial drapery was well worn. Lady Tweedmouth and Lady Cadogan both chose this fashion. Baroness Burdett-Coutts wore green satin-faced foulard, trimmed with a little black lace, and a black lace and tulle bonnet. Crêpe-de-Chine of mellow old lace tone formed Mrs. Hopton's gown, and the front was a panel of white silk painted with pink roses; a wide black chiffon sash was folded round the waist. The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos wore white crêpe-de-Chine with black lace insertions; and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Countess Deym, wore a tunic of Italian point lace over chiffon, and a big white hat. The Countess of Chesterfield was another of the beauties to patronise a dress chiefly white, though green of a very pale shade trimmed the confection, with a big black picture-hat. Among the muslin dresses, one of the prettiest was that of Princess Christian's married daughter, Princess Arlberg of Anhalt, which she has just returned from a tour in America, which she has much enjoyed. Her garden-party gown was pale blue, with a design in a greyish-blue tone; lace plentifully trimmed the bodice, and the hat worn was of chiffon to match, with hydrangeas in it. Lady Londonderry, herself in soft black chiffon and lace, was accompanied by two charming young ladies, her daughter-in-law, Viscountess Castlereagh, in white embroidered muslin, with sash and hat of pink, and the second in pink muslin, with white vest and wide white hat.

Charity is perhaps hardly the term to apply to the Duchess of Sutherland's undertaking, "The Scottish Industries Association"; for it is in the main self-supporting, and on a business footing. Yet since the truest charity is that which enables those who would otherwise be in need to help themselves into comfort, this society's work must be deemed worthy of the name. The Duchess of Sutherland and other leading proprietors of the Highlands formed the Scottish Industries Association some time ago to help and encourage the people in cottage hand-weaving of homespun tweeds and cloths. The craft of weaving was, indeed, much followed by the people, but there was a bad system of distribution, under which the actual workers received but a fraction of the price at which their productions were sold by middlemen to the wearers, while the weavers had neither help nor stimulus in learning and meeting the demands of passing fashion. By a most business-like organisation, these troubles have been overcome, and one way in which the Duchess helps the workers to obtain good prices for their wares is by her annual garden-party and sale at Stafford House. The Duchess received her guests last week gowned in white muslin adorned with black filmy embroidery and white lace bands; and a wide-brimmed hat trimmed with blue tulle and two pretty white and blue feathers. A very fashionable company accepted her invitation, and the young ladies who helped in the serving did a good business. They included Lady Constance Mackenzie, Lady Angela Forbes, Lady Edith Villiers, and Miss Chaplin.

An enterprising French editor had recently the happy thought of inviting opinions from many well-known people as to the athletics of the modern woman. "Le sport," as the French call it, was endorsed by most of the replies; but, curiously, most of the doctors who responded were averse to the outdoor exercise of the girl of the day. It might be ungracious to remember how large a proportion of the patients of the past were women, so much so that at a medical society the standing toast for "The Ladies" used to run—"To woman, the comforter of man and the best friend of the doctor." But the test to apply is that of the health and the obvious physical development and condition of the "new woman," and tried by this test, the fears of the kind doctors who replied to the Paris editor

are unfounded. A very striking fact has been recently published by the Secretary of the State of Massachusetts Board of Health. He finds from the official returns that while both men and women are dying in less proportion to the population than formerly of consumption, the improvement in the case of women has been much greater than in the case of men. In 1851 there died of that fell disease 1451 females to every 1000 males; in 1890 the proportion had been reduced to 1055 females to every 1000 males; and in 1895 the record of the women for the first time in the history of the State's health was absolutely better than that of the men—namely, 974 females to every 1000 males. A fact like that is worth a vast quantity of abstract theories. Dr. Abbott, the writer of the report, is of opinion that no other reason can be found for this great improvement in the health of women in respect to this very fatal disease, except the increased degree to which they now take exercise in the open air; and he points out that the improvement is coincident with the popularity of bicycling for girls. Among the leading personages whose favourable view of the modern woman's "sport" is to be balanced against the dislike to it of Charcot, Nordau, and the other doctors, were Zola and Marcel Prévost, the Duchesse d'Uzès, and "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania.

Certainly the modern woman means to continue in her exercise and activity till some good case against it is made out. An interesting display of ladies' swimming was given the other day at the Bath Club, the annual competition between members for the Challenge Shield coming off in the presence of a great crowd of spectators, nearly entirely composed of ladies. No man was admitted, except he could plead that he was the father or guardian of one of the competitors; though the club is open to ladies and gentlemen both, of course the arrangements are separate. The object of the exclusive club is to provide facilities for swimming, and to encourage other recreative exercises for both sexes, and ladies are specially encouraged to join by being free from the entrance-fee, which for men is ten guineas, and by having to pay only seven guineas a year subscription against the men's ten guineas. Lady Constance Mackenzie, the sister of the Countess of Cromartie, was the holder of the Challenge Shield for the past year, and after a gallant struggle she again carried it off for the coming twelve months. An exhibition of fancy swimming was afterwards given by the instructress and some of her pupils. The Duke of



A GOODWOOD GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON AND BLACK LACE.

Sutherland was one of the stronger sex present, in his quality of guardian of the winner of the Shield, who is his Grace's niece.

This week's Illustrations are gowns for Goodwood. One is in white chiffon trimmed with black lace bands, the chiffon pleated above and below the lace on the skirt but not between the bands; collar and belt are of jewelled passementerie, and hat of chiffon and roses. The second dress is black striped muslin, with panels of tucked white chiffon banded with black velvet and overlaid with lace; toque trimmed with poppies. FLORENA.

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The Gentlewoman.

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OLD PARIS AT THE EXHIBITION.

Our Illustration represents one of the most interesting nooks in the restoration of Old Paris at the present Exhibition. It is the Rue des Vieilles Ecoles, which, with its

the buildings of succeeding generations, which carried on the great movement which transformed the city of Paris. At any rate, in the Rue des Vieilles Ecoles we can see a reproduction of what was certainly the birthplace of Molière. The original house was destroyed as

of the great man's birth. Poquelin, the upholsterer, kept shop in the Rue St. Honoré at the sign of the Pavillon des Singes. The house, which is of the fifteenth century, is remarkable for its corner-post (shown in our Illustration), carved from top to bottom with figures of climbing and



Molière's Birthplace.

OLD PARIS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION: RUE DES VIEILLES ÉCOLES, AND BIRTHPLACE OF MOLIERE.

shops, shopkeepers, its commerce, its signs, and its peculiar life, reunites a certain number of types of Parisian dwellings. Information regarding celebrated buildings in Paris previous to the sixteenth century is somewhat scanty. There are, however, some rare examples which have remained entire up to our own age, and fragments, albeit mutilated, in

recently as the year 1802. It was situated at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue des Étuves, now known as the Rue Sauval. For a long time it was believed that Molière was born in the Rue de la Tonnerie, in a house which was pulled down for the enlargement of the Halles; but documentary proof has made it certain that at the date

grinning monkeys, some plucking fruits which another monkey nibbles at the bottom. It was certainly from this shop that one day in 1622 little Poquelin, the Molière to be, was carried out in the arms of his godmother, to be baptised at a church hard by, either that of St. Honoré or St. Eustache.

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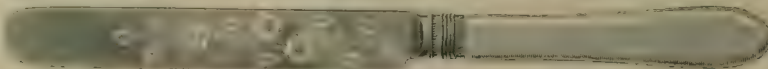


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12 Knives only, Engraved .. Plain Blades, 12 Knives and Forks .. 4 0 0 .. 16 0 0
12 Knives only, Plain 3 12 0 .. 9 5 0

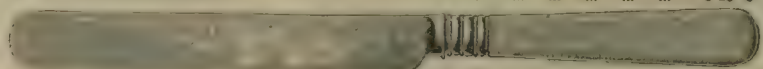
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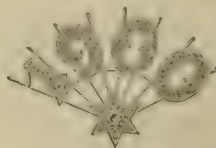
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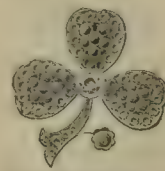
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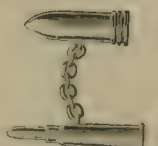
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Debenture Stock will be under the exclusive control of the Directors of the Company and will be applied by them in or towards completion of the several purchases (the Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders undertaking no responsibility with regard thereto), but as each purchase is completed the deeds and documents of title relating to the purchased properties will be deposited with the Trustees. If the completion of any purchase shall be delayed or shall not take place, the Company may substitute for any freehold, copyhold, heritable or leasehold properties comprised in such purchase, and pay over to the Trustees, to be held on the trusts of the Trust Deed, a sum of cash equal to the value of such properties as ascertained by Messrs. Edward Rushton, Son & Kenyon's valuation.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 16, 1888) of William Henry Forester Denison, first Earl of Londesborough, of 29, Grosvenor Square, of Londesborough Park, Market Weighton, and of Londesborough Lodge, Scarborough, who died on April 19, was proved on July 6 by Edith Frances Wilhelmina, Dowager-Countess of Londesborough, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the estate being £317,283. Subject to legacies of £500 each to his daughters, the testator leaves all his property to his wife. He makes no provision for his son, the present Earl, as he is amply provided for.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1898) of Mr. Thomas Burt Haywood, of Woodhatch, near Reigate, of Messrs. Burt, Boulton, and Haywood, Limited, of 61, Cannon Street, E.C., and of Silvertown, who died on May 3 was proved on July 5 by Mrs. Margaret Louisa Haywood, the widow, Charles Burt Haywood, the son, and Harry William Bessmer, the executors, the value of the estate being £250,277. The testator gives £1000 to his wife; and £5000, and during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Haywood, an annuity of £500 to his son. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her widowhood; in the event of her remarriage, an annuity of £500 is to be paid to her. Subject thereto, he gives the Woodhatch Estate, £14,750, and such a sum as will equal the debentures of Burt, Boulton, and Haywood settled on his daughter, Mrs. Frupp, to his son. The ultimate residue he leaves as to one half to his son, and the other half, upon trust, for his daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 26, 1888), with five codicils (dated Nov. 21, 1894, July 1 and Aug. 8, 1897, Jan. 14, 1898 and Aug. 18, 1899), of Mr. John George Blencowe, J.P., of Bincham, Chailey, Sussex, who died on April 28, was proved on June 5 by Mrs. Frances Blencowe, the widow, Robert Campion Blencowe, the son, and Lord Monk Bretton, the executors, the value of the estate being £179,153. The testator charges his Sussex estate with the payment of £20,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son Robert Campion Blencowe. He gives to his wife £1000, his household furniture and effects, live and dead stock, the use for life of his mansion-house at Bincham, and her income is to be made up to £2000 per annum; to his son Robert Campion, £10,000; to his sons John Ingram and William Poole, £1000 each; investments of the value of £5000 to his younger sons; £562 Stock, upon trust, for his daughters; and legacies to grandchildren, relatives, and servants. During the life of Mrs. Blencowe annuities of £300 each are to be paid to his younger sons, and of £150 each to his daughters, except his daughter Mrs. Drummond. His Northamptonshire and Warwickshire estates he devises, upon certain trusts, for sale, and settles the same until sold, and the proceeds if sold, on his oldest son for life, with remainder to his first

and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male; with remainder to his second and third sons in a similar manner. Should a daughter of one of his sons succeed under the entail thereof to his Sussex estate, then the proceeds of his Northamptonshire and Warwickshire estates are to be divided between his (testator's) daughters.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1890) of Mr. Frederick William Delamere Bouth, J.P., of Leigh, Lancaster, who died on May 30, was proved on June 27 at the Liverpool District Registry by Mrs. Sarah Bouth, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £92,570. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated April 6, 1899) of Mr. John George William Bonsall, J.P., of Fronfraith, Cardigan, who died on April 5, was proved on July 4 by John Joseph Bonsall and Hugh Edward Bonsall, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £83,304. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his daughters Mary Catherine and Frances Winifred; all his furniture and personal property (except money and securities) at Galltlan to his son Hugh Edward; £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Frances Winifred and Elizabeth Jane; and the residue of his personal estate to his son John Joseph. All his real property he leaves to his son John Joseph, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, with remainder to his son Hugh Edward and his heirs for ever.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1893) of Sir John Bridge, late Chief Metropolitan Police Magistrate, of 50, Inverness Terrace, W., and Headley Grove, near Ipsom, who died on April 26, was proved on July 6 by Dame Ada Louise Bridge, the widow, and Miss Mabel Alice Bridge, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,384. The testator gives £1000, and his furniture and domestic effects, to his wife. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for her for life, and then to his daughter absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1899) of Mr. Henry Persehouse Parkes, J.P., of Daresbury, Malvern, Worcester, and of Dudley, ironmaster, who died on May 17, was proved in London on June 30 by Harold Smith, Alfred William Hickman, and Richard Alfred Pinent, the executors, the value of the estate being £63,985. The testator gives £500, and during her widowhood an annuity of £500 and the use of his furniture and domestic effects, to his wife, Mrs. Annie Dorothy Parkes; £103 each to his executors; an annuity of £100 to his sister Mrs. Elizabeth Kerr; and an annuity of £50 to his sister Harriet. Should his wife again marry, an annuity of £250 is to be paid to her. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, but in default thereof, then, upon trust, to found the "Persehouse Pensions" for aged and distressed persons of the upper and middle classes resident for ten years and upwards in Staffordshire and Worcestershire.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There has been a sharp controversy between the *Guardian* and the Divorce Court reporters. The *Guardian* printed a letter in which it was stated reporters could be "squared," and one case was given of a client who paid the reporters nearly £100 a day to keep the matter out of the papers. The two reporters for the *Times* repudiate the charge of any sort of dishonourable conduct. They say that they are asked from time to time to keep cases out of the papers. In such circumstances, they always notify to the editor the fact that they have been approached, and for that reason specially request that room may be found for the report. Sir Francis Jeune has characterised the correspondent's statements as equally reckless and unfounded. He is convinced that no such conduct exists or ever existed. The *Guardian*, which is conducted, if possible, more carefully and scrupulously than ever, makes a handsome apology to the reporters.

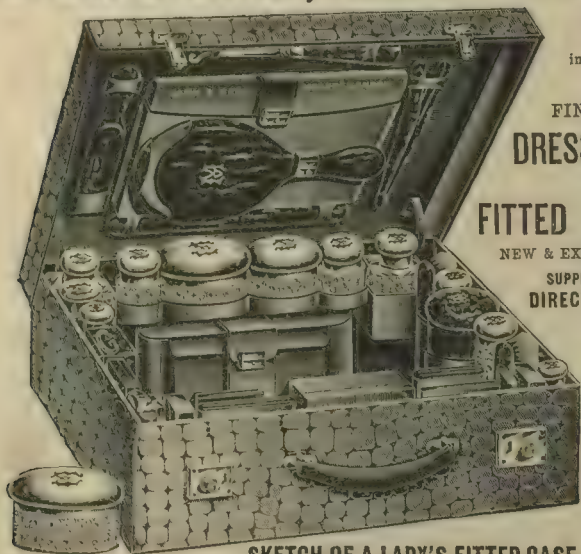
Bishop Dowden of Edinburgh writes a letter in which he criticises the use made by the English Church Union of Bishop Wilson's teaching on the Eucharist. Bishop Dowden says that Wilson himself seems sedulously to avoid the use of the term the Real Presence, and that the language which Wilson employed, and which has been cited in support of the English Church Union declaration, is used by him in a sense that would be repudiated by those who claim his support.

Sir W. Walrond, the chief Conservative Whip, has had an interview with the representatives of the Church Association. He did not say that the headquarters of the Conservative Party would give any assistance in their power to the Church Association candidates. He merely undertook that the names of any candidates which might be supplied to them should be forwarded to the constituencies which applied for them.

Earl Nelson stated recently that he had received a most cheering letter from his great friend Professor Cooper, who was a leading member in the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland. That gentleman expressed his conviction that "they were going to see great things in Scotland—far more than they had ventured to ask or think." This means, presumably, that Dr. Cooper expects a union between the Presbyterian Church of Scotland and the Church of England.

Canon Overton, who has made a very close study of John Wesley, says that there were two Wesleys—one who was an excellent Churchman, and another who was a very doubtful Churchman indeed. To reconcile the two was a task far beyond his powers. The clue to Wesley's conduct was his sole desire to do practical good; for this object he would sacrifice his own tastes and predilections, his Churchmanship—everything.

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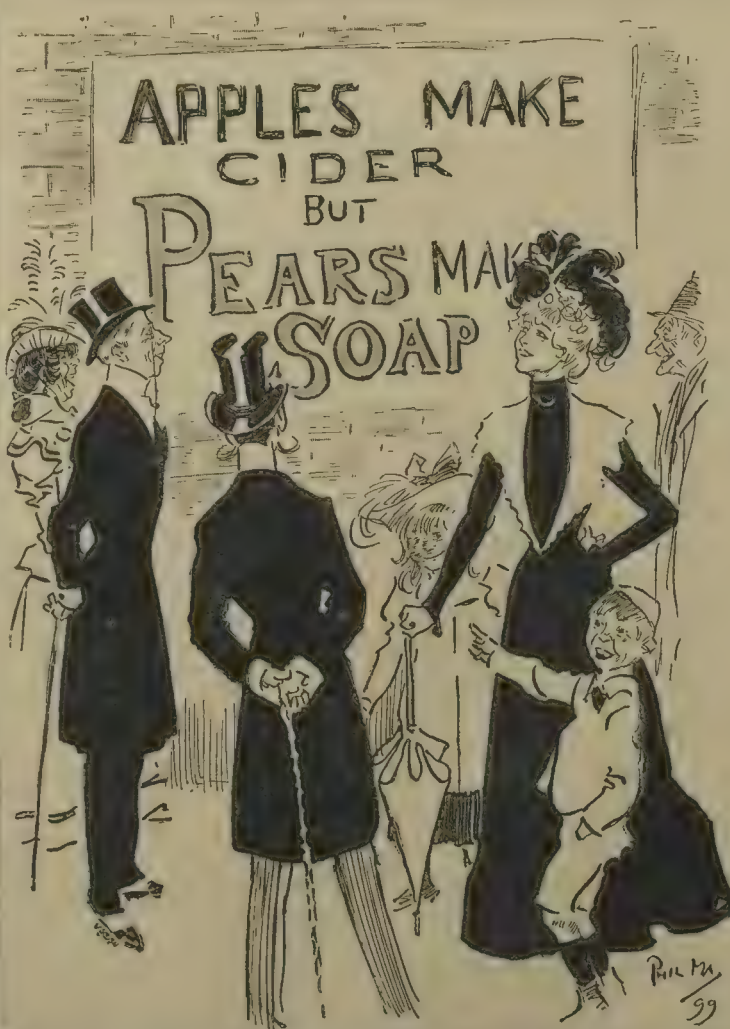
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"LA TOSCA." AT COVENT GARDEN.

The first performance in England of the new opera of Signor Puccini, "La Tosca," was the chief event in the musical world last week. Since its favourable reception at the Costanzi Theatre in Rome last January, it has been produced in most of the Italian cities and those of South America, and its success was universal. On Thursday, July 12, it was given at the Covent Garden Opera, under the baton of Signor Mancinelli. The story was familiar to the audience, for few have not seen

Sardou's drama interpreted by Madame Bernhardt, a play that is the quintessence of tragic melodrama. The libretto of the opera is skilfully handled, and contrives to give a coherent plot, losing none of the sensational scenes, though, unhappily, it has to omit a love scene in compressing the five acts of the play into the three acts of the opera. The librettists, Signor Illica and Signor Giacosa, deserve commendation for their artistic work, for together with this lucid adaptation they have introduced some incidents that test Signor Puccini's skill, giving him the opportunity for artistic embroidery that he was so quick to seize in "La Bohème." The *ensemble* at the end of the first act is a notable example—the chant

of the choir, the peal of the organ, the roar of the cannon, the Sanctus bell and the deeper tones of the tower bells, and the passion of Scarpia laid bare to La Tosca. Puccini here shows a richness of musical effect that is purely dramatic, never tawdry. In the second act there is an ingenious introduction of the stately music of the eighteenth century, in a gavotte and cantata, in which La Tosca is singing. The voices are heard outside the room in which Scarpia is plotting. It is almost as ingenious as is the treatment of this scene by Sarah Bernhardt, who seems as though she could by no possibility escape from singing the song she twice starts to sing before the assembled Court of the Queen of Naples. In

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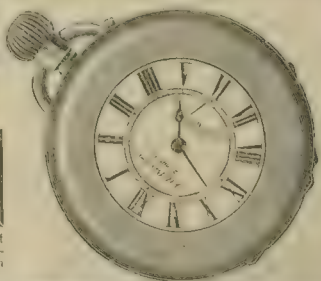
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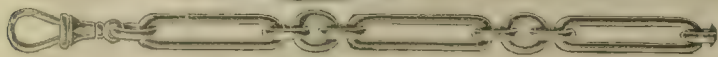


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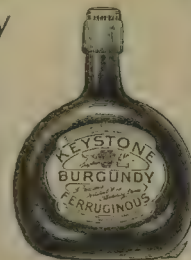
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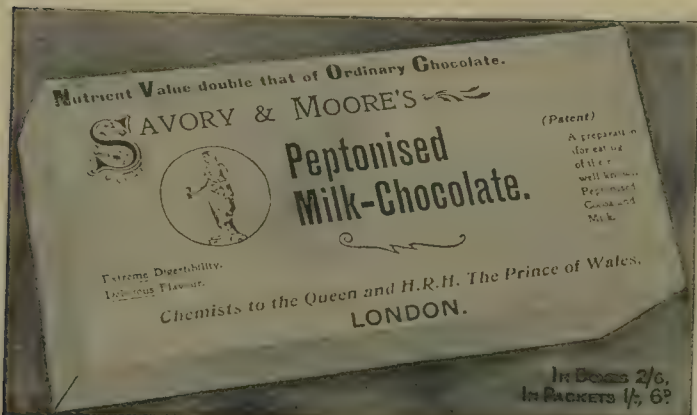
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the third and last act there is a happy employment of bells ringing at different distances.

To consider the opera as a whole, its characteristic note is broad, flowing melody expressive of the successive tragedies. Unhappily, these scenes are all painful. The mental torture of La Tosca on the stage, the physical torture of her lover off the stage, is a masterly piece of work, for the cry of agony is vital and sincere. It is never permitted to degenerate into a shriek or an abandonment of pain, unlike the anguish in Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," that is almost unholily in its realism. In the third act the music reaches its most tragic effect in the cruel deception, the famous scene where La Tosca is tricked by the promise that her lover should be shot at with blank cartridges. The first act alone gives

to Puccini a chance of the graceful humour that is so admirable in "La Bohème." The sacristan, delightfully sung by M. Gilbert, is the only light relief to the opera.

The composer may be considered to have created a new Italian school of opera, a school that has shaken itself free from the stereotyped forms of recitative and aria, and yet that has fallen very slightly under the influence of Wagner and the German school, with their *leit-motifs* and orchestral developments. There certainly are recurring phrases that indicate the dominating passions of the actors in the drama, but they merely recur, and are not, as it were, subtly woven into the work, controlling the form of the melody, making the whole an intricate piece of patchwork. The phrase most easily carried away is the voluptuous one expressing La Tosca's and Cavaradossi's

love for one another. Signor Puccini must have been content with her reception and the manner in which his work was performed, for the chorus was excellent, the soloists admirable, while Fraulein Terina as La Tosca was exquisite.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

The Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival is settling down in earnest to its final rehearsals before its celebration in October. The report of the committee is most satisfactory. Dr. Richter pronounced it to be the best orchestra that the society has ever had. Madame Nordica has had to resign her rôle in Mr. Coleridge Taylor's scenes from "Hiawatha," and her place has been filled by Madame Albani. The death of Dr. Heap, the chorus-master, has been a great loss to the society.



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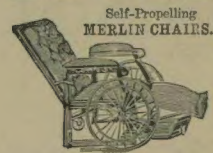
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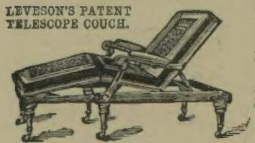
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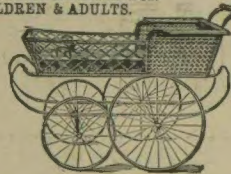
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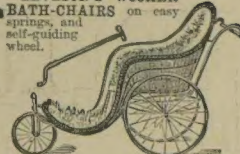
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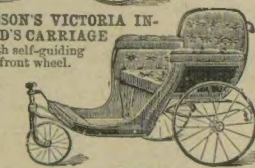
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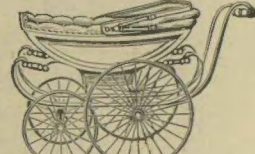
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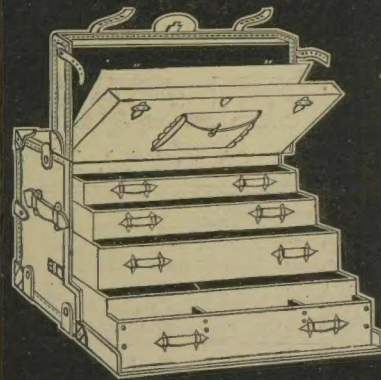
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